A TREASURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

ARRANGED BY KATE M. WARREN

OLD ENGLISH

700–1200

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

STOPFORD A. BROOKE

out of print

A TREASURY
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

This volume is the first section
of a re-issue in six parts of
A Treasury of English Literature
originally issued in one volume
in November, 1906

A TREASURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Selected and arranged
With Translations and Glossaries

BY

KATE M. WARREN

Lecturer in English Language and Literature at Westfield College (University of London)

With General Introduction

BY

STOPFORD A. BROOKE

ORIGINS TO ELEVENTH CENTURY

LONDON
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO LTD
10 ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE W.C
1908

Butler & Tanner,
The Selwood Printing Works,
Frome, and London.

Preface to Revised Issue in Parts

THIS book of selections from Old English literature is the first of a series of six volumes which form, all together, an anthology of English verse and prose from the earliest time up to Burns. The whole has been already published in one volume under the title of *A Treasury of English Literature*, but for the convenience of students and classes who may wish to study separately a particular epoch, this edition in six books has been prepared. The selections in each volume of the series represent a period of literature, and, so far, form a whole. For an account of the aims of the complete anthology readers are referred to the Editor's Preface which, together with Mr. Stopford Brooke's Introduction, is printed at the beginning of this book.

The present volume consists of English prose and verse up to the time of William the Conqueror. Among this early work that of Cynewulf, the most remarkable and individual Old English poet known to us by name, is represented with as much fullness as could be allowed in these limited pages.

It may not here be out of place to remind readers of Tennyson's fine rendering of the *Battle of Brunanburh*, of which poem only a fragment could be given in this book.

The full text of the original poems, and of the greater part of the prose quoted in these selections, may be found in Professor R. P. Wülker's edition of Grein's *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie* and *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Prosa*.

K. M. W.

May, 1907.

Preface to First Edition

It may be objected to this book that there are already good anthologies of English Literature. There seems to be, however, a place unfilled for which this *Treasury* may be fitted. It has been prepared, in the first instance, as a companion to Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*, with the intention of illustrating, by prose and verse selections, the literary history and criticism to be found in that well-known book. The *Primer* has long been recognized as a classic among manuals of the kind. More than twenty-five years ago, Matthew Arnold thought it worthy of an essay to itself;[1] but without that honour it would have easily held its own, for it combines the qualities of usefulness and beauty in an unusual way. To those who need a guide on their first venture into the centuries of English Literature it is invaluable; while to those who already know and admire that wonderful country, it has the power to give keen pleasure from the penetration and delicacy of its criticism as well as from the fine rightness of its proportions.

The *Primer*, however, was never intended to be sufficient in itself; it implies that the reader will turn to the books described and criticized. But the range of literature involved makes this, in many cases, no easy matter, and it is hoped that the *Treasury of English Literature* will supply the need of those who may not be able to seek out from the books themselves these literary illustrations. Furthermore, the Editor will be glad if her work here may help to prevent, or at least render less possible, that second-hand use of a history of literature

[1] See *Mixed Essays*, 1879. Macmillan.

by which the student takes the given view, both of fact and opinion, without an intelligent effort to arrive at his own conclusions.

But, beyond these aims, it is hoped that the present book may fill a place as an English anthology representing more fully than has yet been attempted in a brief selection, the course of our literature (with the exception of the Drama) from the earliest time to the eighteenth century; and a special feature has been made of Old and Middle English writings before the time of Chaucer. The *Treasury* forms a complete work in itself and can be used apart from its connexion with the *Primer of English Literature*.

No extracts from the Drama proper have been included, except in one case as an example of Marlowe's "mighty line." It seems almost impossible, from the very nature of that form of art, to represent it at all justly in brief passages. Moreover, the work of selection from our dramatic literature is being done by others at the present time, to say nothing of the classic volume of Elizabethan specimens given to us by Charles Lamb.

The selections in this *Treasury* end with the poetry of Burns, though originally it was intended to bring them up to 1832, where the *Primer* itself ends. It was found, however, that this would make the book too large for its purpose, without adding much to its usefulness, since there are already many good selections from the later authors. The writers included and the order and proportionate importance assigned to them follow, as a rule, the arrangement of the *Primer*, though now and then an author has been represented who is not named there, or, if named, is only glanced at without distinctive criticism.

For the character of the specimens the Editor is, with a few exceptions, alone responsible. She has tried to select passages interesting in their subject-matter, or in their literary relationships, as well as representative of the authors in their best or most characteristic manner. It has been impossible to avoid giving certain extracts which have already a place in other

anthologies, but new matter has been quoted wherever it could be done without material loss. With one or two exceptions, the extracts up to the end of the 15th century have been printed in the original spelling; after that date, except in the case of Spenser, the spelling has been modernized.

It is too much to hope that every one will agree with the selection made. But those who know the difficulties of compiling such a book as this will be lenient in their judgment of its failings; and they will further understand how the Editor, viewing the work as a whole, now that it is finished, would like to do it all over again, making many changes. It often goes to the heart of the lover of literature when the stern exigencies of space compel him, in his character of compiler, to omit or curtail some interesting or beautiful or time-honoured or personally-endeared lines. His only comfort lies in the hope that the brief compilation may lead readers to the full text.

This *Treasury* was begun in the spring of 1900, and has never since been wholly laid aside. One advantage of the delay, however, has been the opportunity it has given for the testing of certain parts of the work. Many of the selections have been used to illustrate the Editor's lectures to college students in English Literature, while valuable suggestions have been made by those authorities who have seen the book in MS. or proof form, especially by Professor W. P. Ker, who has been kindly interested in it from the beginning.

The Editor has made the translations and glossaries attached to the Old and Middle English specimens, but for some details of arrangement and type she wishes to confess her debt to Mr. Quiller-Couch, whose delightful *Oxford Book of English Verse* has given her suggestions.

The original texts printed here have, as far as possible, been taken from the best editions available, some of which are now unfortunately out of print. The Editor is especially grateful to Professor Wülker of Leipzig, who has kindly allowed her

to make full use of his edition of Grein's text of the Old English poems; and to Professor Skeat for the generous permission to make extracts from his editions of Chaucer, Langland and other Middle English writers. To the Delegates of the Clarendon Press she is indebted for confirming this permission to use these publications, as well as for allowing her to quote from Mr. Sedgefield's edition of *Boethius*. To Dr. Furnivall and to the publications of the Early English Text Society the *Treasury* in its earlier pages owes a great deal. The stanzas from the Middle English *Pearl* have been taken by kind permission from Professor Gollancz's edition of the poem. The Editor is also conscious of her obligation to the many other previous editors of English classics whose labour has made possible the compilation of such a book as this.

KATE M. WARREN.

LONDON, *September* 1905.

General Introduction

This book, to which I have been asked to write a brief introduction, is an anthology of short pieces of English poetry and prose from the beginning of our literature up to the later part of the eighteenth century. It was fitting that I should write such an introduction, for the extracts are intended to illustrate the work of the writers mentioned in my *Primer of English Literature*, and are to be used, it is hoped, along with that little book, by the teachers and pupils who have adopted it in schools and colleges. Many years ago I was requested to collect such an anthology, but I had not time enough on my hands to enter upon so laborious an undertaking. Miss Kate Warren undertook, and has now completed, this heavy task, and the choice of the pieces, the translations of the early and middle English extracts, the arrangement and the execution of the work are, it seems to me, equally good. I think the book ought to prove of great use in the teaching of English Literature, and be also of much help to students in the early years of their study of English writing. But it appeals to those who are neither teachers nor students of literature, but who love and honour it. It presents in brief extracts a miniature image of English Literature, of its great age, its continuity, its changing history, its growth, its innate elements, the outside influences which it assimilated, its varied interests, and its general excellence. The book represents more than a thousand years of literature in England, and it is impossible to glance through it without asking oneself the question—What are the main elements, powers, interests, and what will be the destiny

of this great and varied Literature? To give a few answers, a few out of many, to that question is the aim of this introduction.

The first thing that strikes us is the great age of English Literature. Its poetry began in England in the seventh century, its prose with King Ælfred in the ninth. There was earlier poetry in the England over-seas, and earlier prose from Bæda's hand, but the latter is not extant, and the former was not made in this island. English poetry has then had a career of more than twelve hundred, and English prose a career of more than a thousand years—a great and venerable age, the thought of which alone, even without its varied history, impels and kindles the imagination. Yet, with all the great age of this Literature, it has never grown old. It is still young, animated, vigorous and inspiring, still capable of new things, still certain of a future. The power of reproduction, that is, the power of life, is still potent in its body. It combines the dignity of age with the charm of youth.

We might not perhaps say this so boldly if in its history there had been centuries of silence. But there have been only two great breaks in its plentiful production. The first, from the Conquest to the reign of John, lasted about 130 years, but was not even then devoid of literature in our tongue. The second lasted from the death of Chaucer to the reign of Henry VIII, but that was much less devoid of literature than the first. Since then, though the changes have been many, literature has never ceased to live an active life of incessant production.

The second thing, then, that we observe concerning it is its continuity. The tree which took root in the old English work of Cædmon and Cynewulf, Ælfred and Ælfric, has had, I have said, its intervals of arrested growth; one, while the language, *pari passu* with the English nationality, was being formed into a new vehicle of thought; another, when the Civil Wars had imprisoned the freedom of imagination and closed its outlets; but it has always been the same tree, and its growth (even during those intervals) has been continuous; climbing steadily, branch after branch, to its present height, expanding steadily, in foliaged splendour,

till now nations take their pleasure under its imperial shades, "high over arched and echoing walks between."

Being thus continuous, the various periods of its growth are vitally connected one with the other. It is a living organism, with a living soul. Each period of its growth not only brings up to all the excellence outward circumstance will permit its own special forms, but produces, underneath these special forms, the germs which in the next period will grow into the excellences of that period. It is quite possible to trace in the Elizabethan age of literature the arising of the fresh branches of thought and passion which the succeeding age brought to flower and fruitage. We can predict what is to emerge in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and even Shelley, from prophetic hints and ideas only shooting above the surface in the poetry which preceded them. We can trace back the ideas which take shape in the new forms of the Novel, of History, of Philosophy, to their unnoticed origins under the old forms which preceded them; and we might do work of this connecting kind from the beginning to the present day of our literature. This vital and en-linked evolution belongs, of course, to other literatures, but I do not think I exaggerate when I say that it is closer, less broken, more easily observed in English than in any other modern literature, except perhaps the literature of France.

Again, English Literature, like the English people, has always had a great power of assimilation, and this was almost forced upon it by circumstance. From the very beginning it was deeply influenced by its Celtic surroundings. Whitby, where its poetry began, was a Celtic monastery. Northumberland, where its poetry developed, was full of Celtic influences. Even in the south the Irish scholars and their schools touched the beginnings of literary life through Aldhelm, and formed the genius of Dunstan at Glastonbury. And all the literature which belongs to religion took through the Irish missionaries who invaded Middle England an Irish tinge. A certain imaginative passion, a love of natural beauty, and a reckless wildness, curiously mingled with an almost scientific devotion

to metrical form, crept into the Teutonic mind. These Celtic influences perished in the north with the invasion of the Danes, and they became small by degrees in the south where Ælfred and his successors made literature purely Teutonic. But the Celtic imagination returned with the Normans who brought back into England the Welsh story of Arthur, which, worked into excellence by their formative genius, has affected English Literature from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the present day. The powers of the Celtic genius have been assimilated by England, and of late a new river of the Celtic spirit, drawn from the mythic hills of Ireland, has begun to flow through English poetry and prose.

Almost contemporaneous with the Celtic influence on early English literature in the north of England was the influence, also in the north, of Roman thought and literature; and this fell also upon the south. It filtered into the English soul through the Roman Church, and brought with it not only the love of law and order and organic form, of a certain steadfastness in pursuit of ideas and of pleasure in their logical analysis, but also, as food for the imagination, all the legends of the Church and its theological mysteries of doctrine and ritual; and at the same time, for poetic work, an ideal of form in the verse of Vergil and of other Latin poets—an ideal the English writers scarcely understood, but which like all ideals, whether understood or not, awakened emotion and kindled thought. This logical, analysing, orderly, composing, steadying power; this classic elegance, grace, dignity and ideal of form in the Latin poets were assimilated by degrees, through various channels, during the whole course of English Literature, into its philosophy, its political treatises, its theology, and its imaginative work, both in prose and poetry. It steadied, it ordered Literature. It began in Cynewulf and Bæda. It lives to-day. It came in with the Roman Church. It was born into a new life in the Renaissance.

Another influence which affected early England was that of the Norsemen, first in the north, afterwards in the south. Few traces of this are to be found in English Literature till we

touch some of its stories in Middle English, but I have always felt that the intrusion into England of the iron temper, the passionate love of adventure, the war-savagery, the devotion to farm life and to home when at rest, the intensity of the natural affections, chiefly in their tragedy, the grim endurance of fate, which characterize the Icelandic Sagas, must have greatly modified the English character, and through that the English Literature. There has always been a Viking element in English poetry, and of late it has reappeared in one of those strange reincarnations of which there are so many examples in our literature. The Norsemen were of course one people with the English, but when they invaded and settled in England, the original English had changed their character from that of the sea-rovers they were when first they entered Britain. New blood, a fiercer, more vital, a wilder nature was now assimilated by the English folk, and we can trace its power, even in men like Wordsworth, Burns and Carlyle.

Meanwhile, as if it were necessary that new varieties should add themselves to the English race and the English imagination—in order to vary in the end the English Literature—the Norsemen, of the same stock as those who had invaded England, invaded France; and there, with their eager and digesting powers, absorbed through men like Lanfranc what wisdom and knowledge lived in Italy, took into their brains the special Gallic elements which moved in France, and eagerly drank into their imagination the Celtic legends which the British, flying before the English, had brought into Armorica. These legends they shaped into forms more literary than the British had given them. Having done this work in Normandy they carried it and all its results into England, now hungering for a new literary food. And in the course of two centuries, England absorbed through its Norman French conquerors all these new and old elements into her literature. Its assimilative power was never more clearly shown. Moreover, the more alien elements it absorbed, the more capable became its assimilating power.

I have said that England, through the Normans, took in certain Italian influences, which added logical, historical and analysing powers to the English mind. These were concerned with theology, history and ecclesiastical law; and the Normans carried them further than Italy had carried them. But now, in the fourteenth century, Italy gave to England, and chiefly to her poetry, the humanism of the childhood of the Renaissance through Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. The representation by Dante of the whole spirit of mediaevalism did not profoundly influence England who had had her own mediaevalism, but his vivid, personal, passionate representation of a hundred types of human nature did enkindle the soul of English poetry; while the less religious, less mediaeval, less moral, franker and bolder freedom of the humanism of Boccaccio kindled it still more. The English Renaissance began with Chaucer, and was Italian in its origin. England absorbed from Italy all that it then could absorb. But she was asked to absorb it too soon; she had not grown enough to develop fully these new Italian elements, and indeed they were themselves not sufficiently grown up to be used by men of a lesser genius than Chaucer. It was only after a long interval that, having reached maturity in Italy, England began again to assimilate them with accelerating rapidity in the age of Elizabeth. Nor was she content with Italy. She digested all she desired from the literatures of Spain and France.

There is no need to illustrate the argument any further. Every one will remember how closely, how continuously after Elizabeth's time, when modern English Literature may be said to have begun, England has taken into her literature the spiritual, philosophic and imaginative elements, not only of the European but of the Asiatic literatures. She has eagerly sought for and lovingly embraced the foreigner; and owing to this has obtained and secured for her literature an immense variety and an immense expansion.

The remarkable thing is—that, with all this assimilation of foreign elements, the literature which used them was not imita-

tive. When they were produced in English prose or poetry they were different from that which each of them had been in its native land. They had become original. The primeval *Stoff* of the English nature had, as they passed through it, conquered them for its own, changed their nature, partly by rejecting all that in them was out of affinity with it, partly by giving its strength and steadfastness to every element in them with which it chose to combine. Whatever it took it anglicized, so strong and vital were the original cells of its thought and passion. English literature has always been English.

There is, I may say in passing, a certain humility at the root of this fine assimilative power, a capacity for admiration of what is good and beautiful in others, a longing to get this goodness and beauty into its being, which places this power on that high level where the artist forgets himself in love of any noble or beautiful thing which he has not attained but desires to attain—and there is nothing which makes so powerfully as this for a splendid literature.[1] The English have possessed this, the Celt has not. The Celt thinks too much of himself, is too much enthralled by his own individuality to admire and love the literature of others, is too rarely humble enough to assimilate what is good beyond his own borders. And the result has been that he has never produced, as yet, a great or a continuous literature.

It follows from all this that another mark of English Literature is variety. It has taken in so much of the literary interests of other nations, has accepted with joy so many impulses from all sides—European, Asiatic, African—that it was sure to be like a

[1] Of course, other literatures than the English have had this power of assimilation, but I do not think that any one of them has had it to the same extent, has had so little fear of losing its own personality by taking into itself foreign elements. English Literature has rarely raised into any importance the *echt Englisch* cry, yet no one can confuse her literature with any other. It is in raising the *echt Deutsch*, the *echt Irish* cry that a literature loses growth, expansion, and finally individuality. It is by stretching out its arms to embrace other literatures, by taking them into itself, and then by reforming them within itself by its own vital force, that any literature becomes, like the English, truly and powerfully national.

robe of many colours, a web of a thousand patterns. No one can look back on its history both in prose and poetry, no one can glance through this anthology, without confessing the truth of this—and great variety is an admirable thing in any literature. It follows also from what has been said that there is in English Literature a certain internationalism which makes it fit and easy for other nations to receive as impulse, to sympathize with, and to adapt into their literary sphere. There have been many instances of this already. As the prevalence of the English language increases, this internationalism in English Literature will work more closely and fully on foreign literatures.

There are many other characteristics of this famous literature, but they are not of such a large aspect as those of which I have spoken. One or two of these may be mentioned. There is its closeness to life, period after period, its steady realism to the time in which it is written. Yet, always mingled with this closeness to the present, there is also an idealism, which, on the basis of the present, conceives and prophesies a better time in the future, makes imaginative casts into the future, and calls on men to live for the good and beautiful to come while they contend with the evil and ugliness of the present.

In this closeness to life, English Literature has painted England as it was from generation to generation. All that England is and has been is written in its prose and poetry. Not half enough has been made of this by historians. The only certain history is in a nation's literature. We can be absolutely certain that at this or that period men were thinking and feeling in such and such a way when we read the literature of any of these times. That is clear history.

Another of these characteristics of English literature is its good sense, its practical handling of life, and with that, a freedom in its discussion of all the aspects of life. Some have denied this freedom, but the denial is not true. English literature could not have handled life practically, unless it had also handled it freely. But it always used its freedom within certain moral and artistic limits on which the English nature has always

insisted, to the great excellence of its literature as a world-wide power.

Combined with this closeness to life and with this practical good sense, there is in English Literature an energy of imagination which one would not at first expect from the English nature, and which I do not think it would have possessed had it remained unmixed. But when Celtic, Norse, French, Italian elements were assimilated by the English nature, a soil, an atmosphere were made in which Imagination could be born, grow, mature and create, at ease. Whenever the English people entered the realm of art, they developed, but especially in architecture and poetry, imaginative genius. No one can look back on the long and glorious roll of the English poets without crying out with joy over the splendour of their imaginative energy. It has produced masterpieces in every form of poetry, and has done this, after a long boyhood, with matured powers for five hundred years.

This combination in a literature of imaginative power with closeness to life and practical good sense develops an enormous energy in creation. It does more. It makes, using its practical and shaping powers, the ideas of other literatures into instruments of thought which the world can easily use and comprehend. That also is one of the great goods which the English genius does for the human race.

I do not choose, in this brief introduction, to dwell on the weaknesses and faults of English Literature. That would be an easy task, but an ungrateful one. They are plain enough, and English and foreign critics are fond of marking them out for disapproval and satire. But what literature is without its failures and its stains? They are natural to its excellences, the dark shadows of its bright substances. Let others dwell on them, not I.

It remains to say a brief word on two subjects, each of which deserves a treatment at large.

This great national literature, extending backwards for

more than 1,200 years, linked together not only by its language which through all its changes is the same, but also by its solid English core which through all the foreign elements it assimilated has remained the same, is a great nationalizing power, as great in binding together a nation as the equally long and equally vital struggle of the English people for liberty within freely enacted law. The traditions of its glories, of its influence on the world, of its poetry, philosophy, science, history and imaginative story-telling, of its wisdom in law and its intelligence and spirituality in religion, and of its venerable age which abides in a youth which may well seem immortal, kindle a noble pride and patriotism of the soul in Englishmen, and bind all classes together in a bond which has no selfishness, no party spirit, no meanness, and no base hunger for place or wealth. It is a spiritual bond, and to strengthen it by knowledge of the literature of England ought to be, as it is not yet, one of the foremost aims of all Education, not only for the sake of expanding the intelligence of Englishmen and of awakening their soul, but also of filling them with the spirit of noble citizenship.

Finally, the vast extension of the English-speaking world means the vast extension of the literature of England. This literature not only goes with the empire, but with the nations, like America, who were derived from us and speak our tongue. I do not think it will ever have much influence over Asiatic people, except Japan; it will be more likely to influence the African than the Asiatic, when the African is educated. But when Australia and New Zealand are full, when English Africa governs herself, when Canada and America are crowded from shore to shore, when South America is bound up with its Northern sister, when the English tongue has become in Europe as much an international language as French was in older days, English Literature will accompany English speech, and be the beloved study of millions on millions of intelligent and imaginative men and women, their highest ideal, and the most various expression for them of the thoughts and emotions which they desire to see in noble and lovely form.

As we look into the future of the world, the expansion of English Literature is as wonderful to imagine as it is difficult to realize. Even if England, like other empires, should fall, the English tongue will not pass away with England, nor her literature. Even if another world-wide tongue should arise, English Literature, like the Latin and the Greek, but with a more varied influence than they, will remain one of the great and inspiring powers of the intelligence, the passion and the imagination of the worlds that are to be.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Contents

OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

PAGE

Widsiδ (probably 7th century):
The Wandering Poet 1

Deor's Lament (7th century?) 2

The Battle at Finsburg (7th century?) 3

A Charm: (7th century?)
For Catching a Swarm of Bees 5

Waldere (before 10th century):
The Warrior is encouraged in his Fight by a Woman . . 5

The Rune Song (10th century [?] version of older poem) . . 7

Beowulf (8th century?):
Beowulf's Fight with the Dragon 8
Beowulf's Death 15

THE CAEDMON POEMS (7th to 9th centuries):

(*a*) Genesis:
The Creation 18
The Temptation 19

(*b*) Exodus:
The Israelites and Egyptians at the Red Sea . . . 29

Judith (8th century?):
The Return of Judith with the Head of Holofernes . . . 31

Christ and Satan (8th century?):
Christ entering Hades 34

The Ruined City (8th century?) 36

The Wanderer (8th century?) 37

The Seafarer (8th century?)
The Allurement of the Sea 40

The Wife's Complaint (8th century?) 42

CONTENTS

PAGE

RIDDLES (8th century ?):

A Storm on Land 44
A Storm on Sea 45
A Shield 46
A Swan 47
The Moon and the Sun 47

CYNEWULF (Fl. 8th century):

(*a*) JULIANA:

Cynewulf's Lament for his Sins 48

(*b*) CHRIST:

The Sea of the World 52
A Hymn 53
The Burning of the Earth 53

(*c*) ELENE:

The Battle between Constantine and the Huns . . . 54
Cynewulf's Account of His Life 56

(*d*) GUTHLAC:

The Death of Guthlac 49

(*e*) ANDREAS:

The Voyage of St. Andrew 59

THE DREAM OF THE ROOD (8th century ?) 65

THE PHŒNIX (8th century ?):

The Sinless Land 68

THE GIFTS OF MEN (10th century [?] version of older poem). . 70

THE MENOLOGIUM (10th century ?):

The Month of May 71
„ „ June 72

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH (A.D. 937) 72

THE BATTLE OF MALDON (A.D. 993) 74

THE RHYMING POEM (10th century ?) 78

KING ALFRED (849–901):

(*a*) GREGORY'S PASTORAL CARE:

Part of Alfred's Preface 79
Different Men must be Taught in Different Ways . . 81

(*b*) THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD BY OROSIUS:

Ohthere's First Voyage 82

(*c*) BEDE'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY:

How Caedmon became a Poet 84

CONTENTS

PAGE

KING ALFRED (849–901) *continued*:

(*d*) BOETHIUS:

The First Age 88
True Friends 89
High Birth is in the Mind 90
The True Blessedness 90

(*e*) ALFRED'S WARS WITH THE DANES (*Old Eng. Chron.*): . 92

BISHOP WAERFERTH OF WORCESTER (Fl. 9th century):

THE DIALOGUES OF GREGORY THE GREAT:

Florentius and the Bear 94

A BLICKLING HOMILY (A.D. 971):

The Vanity of Riches 99

ÆLFRIC (Fl. 1006):

The Qualities of the Dove and of Fire 101
St. Cuthbert and the Ravens 102

WULFSTAN (Archbishop of York, 1002–1023):

England and the Danes 104

APOLLONIUS OF TYRE (11th century):

Apollonius and the King's Daughter 105

THE OLD ENGLISH CHRONICLE:

Cynewulf and Cyneheard (A.D. 755) 108
The Accession of King Eadgar (A.D. 958) 110
The Making of Domesday Book (A.D. 1085) 111
The Character of William the Conqueror (A.D. 1086) . . 112

Widsiþ

Probably 7th century.

THE WANDERING POET

Widsiþ maþolade, wordhord onleac,
se þe monna mæst mægþa ofer eorþan,
folca geondferde:

. . . . .

"Swa ic geondferde fela fremdra londa.
geond ginne grund: godes and yfles
þær ic cunnade cnosle bidæled;
freomægum feor folgade wide.
Forþon ic mæg singan and secgan spell,
mænan fore mengo in meoduhealle,
hu me cynegode cystum dohten.

. . . . .

Þonne wit Scilling sciran reorde
for uncrum sigedryhtne song ahofan,
hlude bi hearpan hleoþor swinsade:
þonne monige men modum wlonce
wordum sprecan, þa þe wel cuþan
þæt hi næfre song sellan ne hyrdon.

WIDSITH.

Widsith (The Far-Traveller) spake, unlocked his word-hoard; he who of men of the tribes of earth had wandered most among the peoples: . . . "So I have wandered through many strange lands, throughout the wide world. There, cut off from kindred, I have found good and evil; far abroad from kinsmen I have gone. Therefore I can sing and tell a story, say before the company in the mead-hall how the great nobles have dealt full well with me. . . .

When Scilling and I, with a clear voice, raised the song before our royal lord, loud with the harp sounded the melody: then many a man, exultant in mind, those who well knew, spake and said that

Swa scriþende gesceapum hweorfað
gleomen gumena geond grunda fela,
þearfe secgað, þoncword sprecaþ,
simle suð oþþe norð sumne gemetað
gydda gleawne, geofum unhneawne,
se þe fore duguþe wile dom aræran,
eorlscipe æfnan, oþ þæt eal scæceð,
leoht and lif somod : lof se gewyrceð,
hafað under heofonum heahfæstne dom.

Deor's Lament

Probably 7th century or earlier.

WELAND him be warnum[1] wræces cunnade,
Anhydig eorl earfoþa dreag,
hæfde him to gesiþþe sorge and longaþ,
wintercealde wræce : wean oft onfond.

. . . . .

Þæs ofereode, þisses swa mæg !
We geascodon Eormanrices
wylfenne geþoht : ahte wide folc
Gotena rices ; þæt wæs grim cyning.

they never had heard a better song. . . . So, following their destiny, wandering, the gleemen pass by men of many lands ; they tell their need, speak their thank-words, always south or north they meet someone wise in songs, free with gifts, who would raise his renown before men, make known his sway, until it all shall pass, light and life together. Whoso maketh songs of praise shall have lasting honour under the heavens.

DEOR'S LAMENT.

Weland himself knew exile, the resolute hero endured affliction ; sorrow and longing he had as fellows, winter-cold wretchedness ; oft he found woe . . . . He overcame that, so may I this !

We have heard of Eormanric's wolfish mind : he ruled the wide-spread folk of the realm of the Goths ; that was a grim king !

[1] This extremely doubtful phrase *be warnum* is left untranslated.

DEOR'S LAMENT

Sæt secg monig sorgum gebunden,
wean on wenan, wyscte geneahhe,
þæt þæs cynerices ofercumen wære.
Þæs ofereode, þisses swa mæg!

. . . . .

Þæt ic bi me sylfum secgan wille,
þæt ic hwile wæs Heodeninga scop,
dryhtne dyre: me wæs Deor noma.
Ahte ic fela wintra folgað tilne,
holdne hlaford, oþ þæt Heorrenda nu,
leoðcræftig monn londryht geþah,
þæt me eorla hleo ær gesealde.
Þæs ofereode, þisses swa mæg!

The Battle at Finsburg

7th century?

Hornas byrnað næfre!
hleoþrode ða heaþogeong cyning:
'Ne þis ne dagað eastan ne her draca ne fleogeð
ne her ðisse healle hornas ne byrnað,
ac her forð berað . . .
. . . fugelas singað,
gylleð græghama, guðwudu hlynneð,

Many a man sat bound in sorrows, expecting woe, wishing earnestly the end of that kingdom. He overcame that, so may I this! . . .

I, as to myself, will say this: that for a while I was bard of the Heodenings, dear to a prince, Deor was my name. Many winters I held a good office, and had a kind lord, until now Heorrenda, a song-skilful man, has taken the land-right, which the lord of men to me beforetime had given. I overcame that, so may I this!

THE BATTLE AT FINSBURG.

"This is never burning of gables!" cried the King, young in war. "This light dawneth not from the east, nor flieth here a dragon, nor burn here the horns[1] of this hall, but here they bear forth: . . . the war-birds sing, the grey-wolf[2] howleth, the war-wood clangeth, shield

[1] Gables. [2] lit. grey-coat.

scyld scefte oncwyð. Nu scyneð þes mona
waðol under wolcnum ; nu arisað weadæda,
ðe ðisne folces nið fremman willað.
Ac onwacnigeað nu, wigend mine,
habbað eowre handa, hicgeaþ on ellen,
windað on orde, wesað on mode ! "
. . . Þa aras mænig
goldhladen ðegn, gyrde hine his swurde ;
ða to dura eodon drihtlice cempan,
Sigeferð and Eaha hyra sword getugon
and æt oðrum durum Ordlaf and Guþlaf,
and Hengest sylf hwearf him on laste.

. . . . .

Þa wæs on wealle wælslihta gehlyn,
sceolde celod bord cenum on handa,
banhelm berstan ; buruhðelu dynede,
oð æt ðære guðe Garulf gecrang
ealra ærest eorðbuendra,
Guðlafes sunu, ymbe hyne godra fæla
hwearflicra hræw. Hræfen wandrode
sweart and sealobrun, swurdleoma stod,
swylce eal Finnsburuh fyrenu wære.

answereth to shaft. Now shineth the moon, the full moon under heaven, now woe-deeds arise, which will urge on this feud of the folk. But awaken ye now, warriors mine, hold firm your hands, think upon bravery, turn to the forefront, be in heart ! "

Then arose many a gold-laden thane, girded his sword upon him. Then to the door went the lordly warriors, Sigeferth and Eaha drew their swords ; and at the other doors Ordlaf and Guthlaf ; and Hengest himself followed their track. Then was the sound of slaughter within the walls, the keel-like shield in the hands of the brave had to shatter the bone-helm.[1] The castle-floor rang ; at last in the conflict Garulf, son of Guthlaf, fell, the first of all the warriors [2]; about him were many heroes, bodies of the brave. The raven hovered, swart and dusky ; the sword-gleam shot forth, as if all Finsburg were on fire !

[1] Skull. [2] lit. earth-dwellers.

A Charm : For Catching a Swarm of Bees

Nim eorþan, oferweorp mid þinre swiþran handa under þinum swiþran fet and cweð :

Fo ic under fot, funde ic hit.
Hwæt, eorðe mæg wið ealra wihta gehwilce
And wið andan and wið æminde
And wið þa micelan mannes tungan.

And wið on forweorp ofer greot, þonne hi swirman, and cweð :

Sitte ge, sigewif, sigað to eorþan !
næfre ge wilde to wudu fleogan !
Beo ge swa gemindige mines godes,
swa bið manna gehwilc metes and eðeles.

Waldere

Probably early 8th century.

THE WARRIOR IS ENCOURAGED IN HIS FIGHT BY A WOMAN.

HYRDE hyne georne :
huru Welandes worc ne geswiceð
monna ænigum, þara ðe Mimming can

A CHARM : FOR CATCHING A SWARM OF BEES

Take earth, throw it with thy right hand under thy right foot and say : " Take I under foot, I have found it. Lo ! may earth avail against every kind of creature, and against malice, and against spite, and against the mickle tongue of man."

And throw earth upon them when they swarm and say : " Sit ye, royal women, sink to the earth ! Never fly ye wild to the wood. Be ye as mindful of my good, as every man is mindful of food and of home.

WALDERE

. . . (she) eagerly heartened him : " The work of Weland, truly, deceiveth not any man, who can wield the hoary Mimming.[1]

[1] The name of a sword. For *hearne* = hoary, some read *heardne* = sharp.

hearne gehealdan. Oft æt hilde gedreas
swatfag and sweordwund sec æfter oðrum.
Ætlan ordwyga! ne læt ðin ellen nu gyt
gedreosan to dæge, dryhtscipe feallen!
. . . . . Ac is se dæg cumen,
þæt ðu scealt aninga oðer twega
lif forleosan oððe lange dom
agan mid eldum, Ælfheres sunu!
Nalles ic ðe, wine min, wordum cide,
ðy ic ðe gesawe æt ðam sweordplegan
ðurh edwitscype æniges monnes
wig forbugan oððe on weal fleon,
lice beorgan, ðeah þe laðra fela.
ðinne byrn-homon billum heowun;
ac ðu symle furðor feohtan sohtest
mæl ofer mearce: ðy ic ðe metod ondred,
þæt þu to fyrenlice feohtan sohtest
æt ðam ætstealle, oðres monnes
wigrædenne. Weorða ðe selfne
godum dædum, ðenden ðin god recce!

Oft in the battle, bloodstained and sword-wounded, there fell man after man. Ætla's van-warrior, now let not thy strength fail to-day yet, thy mastery fall! But come is the day, that verily thou must one or the other—lose thy life, or long dominion own among men, son of Ælfhere!

"Not at all, my beloved, do I chide thee, saying that ever I have seen thee at the sword-play, through coward fear of any man, flee from the battle or escape from the field, shelter thy body, though many foes hewed with their bills at thy corslet; but ever thou soughtest further to fight, over the mark: therefore I dreaded the fate for thee because thou soughtest to fight too fiercely in warfare with the other hero. Honour thyself by good deeds, while thy good fortune prevail."

The Rune Song

A late form, 10th century (?), of an ancient poem.

ᚠ (feoh) byð frofur fira gehwylcum ;
sceal ðeah manna gehwylc miclun hyt dælan,
gif he wile for drihtne domes hleotan.

ᚢ (ur) byþ anmod and oferhyrned,
fela-frecne deor, feohteþ mid hornum
mære morstapa : þæt is modig wuht.

ᚾ (nyd) byþ nearu on breostan, weorþeþ hio ðeah oft niþa bearnum
to helpe and to hæle gehwæþre, gif hi hire hlystaþ æror.

ᛁ (is) byþ ofercald, ungemetum slidor
glissaþ glæshluttor, gimmum gelicust
flor forste geworuht fæger ansyne.

ᛝ (ing) wæs ærest mid Eastdenum
gesewen secgun, oþ he siþþan est
ofer wæg gewat, wæn æfter ran :
ðus Heardingas ðone hæle nemdun.

THE RUNE SONG

Wealth is a comfort to all men, yet must every man deal it out freely, if he wish to win honour from the Lord.

The bull is fierce and hath great horns, a very savage beast ; he fighteth with his horns, a famous moor-stepper : it is a high-spirited creature.

Need is a trouble in the breast, yet oft shall it be for a help to the children of men, and for healing to all, if they heed it betimes (in this life).

Ice is very cold, immeasurably slippery, it glistens, glass-bright, most like to gems, a frost-wrought floor, fair to see.

Ing was first amid the East-danes seen of men, until he after went East, over the wave ; his chariot followed : thus the Heardings named the man.

Beowulf

Early 8th century ?

BEOWULF'S FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON. HIS DEATH.

Beowulf maðelode, beotwordum spræc
niehstan siðe : " Ic geneðde fela
guða on geogoðe : gyt ic wylle
frod folces weard fæhðe secan,
mærðum fremman, gif mec se mansceaða
of eorðsele ut geseceð " :
Gegrette ða gumena gehwylcne,
hwate helmberend hindeman siðe,
swæse gesiðas : " Nolde ic sweord beran,
wæpen to wyrme, gif ic wiste, hu
wiððam aglæcean elles meahte
gylpe wiðgripan, swa ic gio wið Grendle dyde ;
ac ic ðær heaðufyres hates wene,
oreðes and attres : for ðon ic me on hafu
bord and byrnan. Nelle ic beorges weard,
feond oferfleon fotes trem,
ac unc sceal weorðan æt wealle, swa unc wyrd geteoð,
metod manna gehwæs : ic eom on mode from,
þæt ic wið þone guðflogan gylp ofersitte.

BEOWULF

Beowulf spake, uttered vaunting words for the last time :—" I ventured many battles in my youth : yet once more I, the old guardian of the folk, will seek the strife, work renown, if that wicked thief will come from his earth-cave and seek me out."

Then he greeted each of the men, the brave helm-bearers, the dear comrades, for the last time : " I would not bear sword or weapon against the Worm[1] if I knew how else I could uphold my vaunt against the wretch, as I did of yore against Grendel. But I expect hot war-fire there, blasting breath and venom : therefore have I on me shield and corslet. I will not flee the foe, the warder of the mount, the space of a foot, but it shall be to us at the cliff-wall as Wyrd, the measurer to every man, shall decree. I am strong of

[1] Dragon.

Gebide ge on beorge byrnum werede,
secgas on searwum, hwæðer sel mæge
æfter wælræse wunde gedygan
uncer twega. Nis þæt eower sið
ne gemet mannes nefne min anes,
þæt he wið aglæcean eofoðo dæle,
eorlscype efne. Ic mid elne sceall
gold gegangan oððe guð nimeð,
feorhbealu frecne frean eowerne."
Aras ða bi ronde rof oretta,
heard under helme, hiorosercean bær
under stancleofu, strengo getruwode
anes mannes: ne bið swylc earges sið.
Geseah ða be wealle, se ðe worna fela,
gumcystum god, guða gedigde,
hildehlemma, þonne hnitan feðan,
stondan stanbogan, stream ut þonan
brecan of beorge; wæs þære burnan wælm
heaðofyrum hat: ne meahte horde neah
unbyrnende ænige hwile
deop gedygan for dracan lege.
Set ða of breostum, þa he gebolgen wæs,
Weder-Geata leod word ut faran,

heart, so that I forbear a boast against the flying foe. Await ye on the hill, wearing your corslets, men in armour, which of us two after the deadly struggle shall survive. It is not your venture, nor any man's, but mine alone, to put forth strength against the monster, and do brave deeds. I must win gold with valour, or War, the fearful life-destroyer, must take your lord." Then the strong warrior arose with his shield, brave beneath the helmet, wearing his corslet for warfare, went down by the stony-cliff; he trusted in the strength of a man: that is not the way of a coward.

Then he who strong in virtue had come through many wars, shocks of battle, when armies clash, saw a rocky arch standing, and a stream breaking forth thence, from the hill; the welling surge of that burn was hot with battle-fire: he could not any while endure unburned the hollow near the hoard, because of the dragon's flame. Then the lord of the Weder-Geats was angry; he let forth word

stearcheort styrmde ; stefn in becom
heaðotorht hlynnan under harne stan.
Hete wæs onhrered, hordweard oncniow
mannes reorde : næs ðær mara fyrst
freode to friclan. From ærest cwom
oruð aglæcean ut of stane,
hat hildeswat ; hruse dynede.
Biorn under beorge bordrand onswaf
wið ðam gryregieste, Geata dryhten :
ða wæs hringbogan heorte gefysed
sæcce to seceanne. Sweord ær gebræd
god guðcyning, gomele lafe
ecgum ungleaw : æghwæðrum wæs
bealohycgendra broga fram oðrum.
Stiðmod gestod wið steapne rond
winia bealdor, ða se wyrm gebeah
snude tosomne : he on searwum bad.
Gewat ða byrnende gebogen scriðan,
to gescipe scyndan ; scyld wel gebearg
life and lice læssan hwile
mærum þeodne, þonne his myne sohte,
ðær he þy fyrste forman dogore

from his breast, stormed brave-hearted, his voice went in under the grey rock, resounding with the ring of battle. Hate was aroused ; the keeper of the hoard discerned the voice of man : there was no more time to seek for peace. At first the breath of the monster, hot battle-sweat, came out from the rock ; the earth resounded. The warrior, the lord of the Geats, raised his shield against the grisly creature[1] ; then was the heart of the coiling thing egged on to seek fight. The goodly warrior had first drawn his sword, an ancient relic, sharp of edge : fear of the other was in each of those two who were meditating death. The prince of friends stood strong-hearted by his tall shield when the Worm coiled itself quickly together : he waited in his war-gear. Then the burning creature, in coils, went gliding forth, hastening to its doom ; the shield sheltered well the life and body of the famous prince a less time than he had hoped for, if he were then to win

[1] lit. 'guest.'

wealdan moste, swa him wyrd ne gescraf
hreð æt hilde. Hond up abræd
Geata dryhten, gryrefahne sloh
incge lafe, þæt sio ecg gewac
brun on bane, bat unswiðor,
þonne his ðiodcyning þearfe hæfde,
bysigum gebæded. Þa wæs beorges weard
æfter heaðuswenge on hreoum mode,
wearp wælfyre : wide sprungon
hildeleoman. Hreðsigora ne gealp
goldwine Geata : guðbill geswac
nacod æt niðe, swa hyt no sceolde,
iren ærgod. Ne wæs þæt eðe sið
þæt se mæra maga Ecgðeowes
grundwong þone ofgyfan wolde,
sceolde wyrmes willan wic eardian
elles hwergen, swa sceal æghwylc mon
alætan lændagas. Næs ða long to ðon,
þæt ða aglæcean hy eft gemetton.
Hyrte hyne hordweard, hreðer æðme weoll.
niwan stefne nearo þrowode
fyre befongen, se ðe ær folce weold.

glory at once in the strife, as Wyrd had however not decreed for him. The Lord of the Geats raised his hand, struck the blazing horror with the weighty sword, so that the brown edge gave way, on the bone ; it bit more weakly than its lord had need of, hard pressed in a strait. Then the guardian of the barrow was enraged in mind after that war-stroke, threw out slaughter-fire : the battle-flames shot far and wide. The prince of the Geats did not boast of victory : the naked war-weapon, a sword, aforetime good, failed in the fight, as it should not. That was not an easy adventure when the great kinsman of Ecgtheow willed to leave the earth ; because of the Worm he had to seek a dwelling elsewhere : so must every man leave these passing days of life.

Then it was not long before the fierce foes met each other again. The keeper of the hoard heartened himself, his breast heaved with his breathing ; and he who ruled a people was anew in a strait, enveloped in fire. His companions, children of princes,

Nealles him on heape handgesteallan,
æðelinga bearn ymbe gestodon
hildecystum, ac hy on holt bugon,
ealdre burgan. Hiora in anum weoll
sefa wiþ sorgum : sibb æfre ne mæg
wiht onwendan, þam ðe wel þenceð.
Wiglaf wæs haten Weoxstanes sunu,
leoflic lindwiga, leod Scylfinga,
mæg Ælfheres. Geseah his mondryhten
under heregriman hat þrowian : (Ll. 2510–2605.)

. . . . . .

sægde gesiðum (him wæs sefa geomor) :
" Ic ðæt mæl geman, þær we medu þegun,
þonne we geheton ussum hlaforde
in biorsele, ðe us ðas beagas geaf,
þæt we him ða guðgetawa gyldan woldon,
gif him þyslicu þearf gelumpe,
helmas and heard sweord, ...
. . . . . Nu is se dæg cumen,
þæt ure mandryhten mægenes behofað
godra guðrinca : wutun gangan to,
helpan hildfruman, þenden hyt sy,
gledegesa grim. God wat on mec,

never stood round about him in bravery, but they fled to the wood and saved their own life. Sorrow welled up in the soul of one of them : nothing can set aside kinship, in him who thinketh aright.

He was called Wiglaf, the son of Weohstan, a beloved shield-warrior, a prince of the Scylfings, the kinsman of Ælfhere. He saw his lord enduring heat under the war-mask . . . . he said to his comrades (his soul was sad within him) : " I remember the time when we drank mead in the beer-hall, and we promised our lord who gave us those rings that we would requite him for the war-gear, the helmets and sharp swords, if there should befall him need like this. . . . . Now is the day come that our lord needeth the might of good warriors : let us go to him and help our prince, while we may, grim is the fiery-horror ! God knows, as to me, much liefer had I

þæt me is micle leofre, þæt minne lichaman
mid minne goldgyfan gled fæðmiæ.
Ne þynceð me gerysne, þæt we rondas beren
eft to earde, nemne we æror mægen
fane gefyllan, feorh ealgian
Wedra þiodnes. Ic wat geare,
Þæt næron ealdgewyrht, þæt he ana scyle
Geata duguðe gnorn þrowian
gesigan æt sæcce : sceal urum ðæt sweord and helm,
byrne and byrduscrud bam gemæne."
Wod þa þurh þone wælrec, wigheafolan bær
frean on fultum, fea worda cwæð :
" Leofa Biowulf, læst eall tela,
swa ðu on geoguðfeore geara gecwæde,
þæt ðu ne alæte be ðe lifigendum
dom gedreosan : scealt nu dædum rof,
æðeling anhydig, ealle mægene
feorh ealgian : ic ðe fullæstu."
Æfter ðam wordum wyrm yrre cwom,
atol inwitgæst oðre siðe
fyrwylmum fah fionda niosian
laðra manna. Ligyðum forborn

that the flame should devour my body with my gold-giver. Methinketh it unfitting that we should bear our shields home again unless we first can fell the foe, save the life of the lord of the Weders. I know full well that his deeds of old have not been such that he alone of the great of the Geats should suffer this wretchedness, and sink in the conflict : sword and helm, corslet and shield must be common to us." Then he strode through the deadly reek, went in his helmet to help his lord ; few the words he said : " Beloved Beowulf, hold out to the last, even as thou didst say of yore, in the days of youth, that thou, whilst living, wouldst not let thine honour fail. Brave of deed, now, resolute Prince, with all thy might, defend thy life ! I will help thee."

After these words, the Worm, the dire and evil thing, came angrily, a second time, bright with curling fire, to find his foes, hateful mankind. The shield was burnt up to its rim with the waves

bord wiþ rond : byrne ne meahte
geongum garwigan geoce gefremman ;
ac se maga geonga under his mæges scyld
elne geeode, þa his agen wæs
gledum forgrunden. . . . .
. . . . þa gen sylf cyning
geweold his gewitte, wællseaxe gebræd
biter and beaduscearp, þæt he on byrnan wæg :
forwrat Wedra helm wyrm on middan.
Feond gefyldan, ferh ellen wræc,
and hi hyne þa begen abroten hæfdon,
sibæðelingas : swylc sceolde secg wesan,
þegn æt ðearfe. Þæt þam þeodne wæs
siðast sigehwila sylfes dædum,
worlde geweorces. Þa sio wund ongon,
þe him se eorðdraca ær geworhte,
swelan and swellan : he þæt sona onfand,
þæt him on breostum bealoniþ weoll,
attor on innan. . . . . (Ll. 2632–2715.)

. . . . .

Biowulf maþelode, ...

of flame : the corslet would not help the young warrior ; but the young man did bravely under the shield of his kinsman when his own was destroyed by the heat. (*After this Beowulf's sword, Nægling, snaps in two and the dragon nearly overcomes him, but the king at last gives it a death-blow.*) Then the king again wielded his wit, drew his deadly knife, keen and battle-sharp, which he wore on his corslet : the Lord of the Weders cut the Worm in two in the middle. They had felled the foe, valour had driven out his life, and they together, then, princes akin, had destroyed him. Such must a man, a thane, be in time of need. For the prince, that was the last time of victory by his own deeds, of his work in the world. Then the wound which the Earthdrake had before given him began to burn and swell : soon he found out that deadly evil seethed in his breast, venom within.

(*Then the king sits gazing at the wonderful earth-cavern of the dead dragon while Wiglaf bathes his wounds*) : Beowulf spake. . . .

"Nu ic suna minum syllan wolde
guðgewædu, þær me gifeðe swa
ænig yrfeweard æfter wurde
lice gelenge. Ic þas leode heold
fiftig wintra: næs se folccyning
ymbesittendra ænig ðara,
þe mec guðwinum gretan dorste,
egesan ðeon. Ic on earde bad
mælgesceafta, heold min tela,
ne sohte searoniðas, ne me swor fela
aða on unriht: ic ðæs ealles mæg
feorhbennum seoc gefean habban;
for ðam me witan ne ðearf waldend fira
morðorbealo maga, þonne min sceaceð
lif of lice. Nu ðu lungre geong
hord sceawian under harne stan,
Wiglaf leofa, nu se wyrm ligeð,
swefeð sare wund, since bereafod.
Bio nu on ofoste, þæt ic ærwelan,
goldæht ongite, gearo sceawige
swegle searogimmas, þæt ic ðy seft mæge
æfter maððumwelan min alætan
lif and leodscipe, þone ic longe heold." (Ll. 2729–2751.)

"Now I should have wished to give to my son my war-gear, if it had so been granted that any heir from my body should come after me. I have ruled this people fifty winters: no king was there of the nations around who durst come upon me with his war-friends, threaten me with terrible things. At home I awaited my appointed time, held my own well, sought no feuds, swore not unjustly many oaths: for all this now, sick with life-wounds, I may have comfort; for the Ruler of Men never need blame me for the murder of kinsmen, when my life slips from the body. Now go thou quickly and view the hoard beneath the hoary rock, beloved Wiglaf, now the Worm lieth dead, sleeping with a sore wound, bereft of treasure. Hasten now, that I may see the ancient wealth, the golden treasure, survey well the bright and wondrous gems, that I may the more peacefully, because of this treasure, leave my life and my people whom I long have ruled." (*Wiglaf goes into the cave to fetch*

Ar wæs on ofoste, eftsiðes georn,
frætwum gefyrðred : hyne fyrwet bræc,
hwæðer collenferð cwicne gemette
in ðam wongstede Wedra þeoden,
ellensiocne, þær he hine ær forlet.
He ða mid þam maðmum mærne þioden
dryhten sinne driorigne fand
ealdres æt ende. He hine eft ongon
wæteres weorpan, oð þæt wordes ord
breost hord þurhbræc ; . . . .
gomel on giohðe (gold sceawode) :
" Ic ðara frætwa frean ealles ðanc,
wuldurcyninge wordum secge,
ecum dryhtne, þe ic her on starie,
þæs ðe ic moste minum leodum
ær swyltdæge swylc gestrynan.
" Nu ic on maðma hord mine bebohte
frode feorhlege, fremmað ge nu
Leoda þearfe : ne mæg ic her leng wesan.
Hatað heaðomære hlæw gewyrcean,
beorhtne æfter bæle æt brimes nosan :

the treasure). The messenger hastened, eager to return fraught with[1] the jewels ; anxiety tore him whether he should find the brave-souled one, the lord of the Weders, alive in the place where before he had left him, waning in strength.

Carrying the treasure, he then came upon the great prince, his lord, bleeding, and ending his life. Again he sprinkled water over him, until a word[2] broke forth from his soul.[3] Beowulf spake, an aged man in pain, as he looked at the gold : " I speak and say my thanks to the Master of All, the Glory-king, the Eternal Lord, for the costly things which here I look upon, for to me it has been granted to gain them for my people, before my death-day.

" Now have I sold my old life for this hoard of treasures, help ye now the need of the people : I cannot be here longer. Bid the great warriors raise a glorious barrow, after my burning,[4] on a

[1] This translation of *gefyrðred* is doubtful.
[2] lit. 'point of a word.'
[3] lit 'breast-hoard.'
[4] The burning of his body after death.

se scel to gemyndum minum leodum
heah hlifian on Hrones næsse,
þæt hit sæliðend syððan hatan
Biowulfes biorh, ða ðe brentingas
ofer floda genipu feorran drifað."
Dyde him of healse hring gyldenne
þioden þristhydig : þegne gesealde,
geongum garwigan goldfahne helm,
beah and byrnan, het hyne brucan well ;
"Þu eart endelaf usses cynnes,
Wægmundinga, ealle wyrd forsweof,
mine magas to metodsceafte,
eorlas on elne : ic him æfter sceal."
Þæt wæs þam gomelan gingæste word
breostgehygdum, ær he bæl cure,
hate heaðowylmas : him of hreðre gewat
sawol secean soðfæstra dom.

(Ll. 2783–2820.)

---

ness of the sea ; it shall stand high on Hrones Ness for a memorial to my people ; so that sailors who drive their tall ships from afar through the mists of the ocean thereafter shall call it Beowulf's Barrow."

The brave-minded prince took from his neck the golden circlet : gave to his thegn, the young warrior, the gold-adorned helmet, the collar and corslet, bade him use them well ; " Thou art the last of our race, the Wægmundings ; Wyrd has swept off to their doom all my kinsmen, the brave heroes. I must after them." That was the last word of the old man, from the thoughts of his heart, ere he sought the bale-fire, the hot battling-flames. The soul went forth from his breast seeking the doom of the righteous.

The Cædmon Poems

7th to 9th centuries.

GENESIS

The Creation

Ne wæs her þa giet nymþe heolstersceado
wiht geworden, ac þes wida grund
stod deop and dim, drihtne fremde,
idel and unnyt: on þone eagum wlat
stiðfrihþ cining and þa stowe beheold
dreama leasa; geseah deorc gesweorc
semian sinnihte, sweart under roderum,
wonn and weste, oð þæt þeos woruldgesceaft
þurh word gewearð wuldorcyninges.
He ærest gesceop ece drihten,
helm eallwihta heofon and eorðan;
rodor arærde and þis rume land
gestaþelode strangum mihtum
frea ælmihtig. Folde wæs þa gyt
græs ungrene: garsecg þeahte,
sweart synnihte side and wide,
wonne wægas. Þa wæs wuldortorht
heofonweardes gast ofer holm boren
miclum spedum. (Ll. 103–121.)

THE CREATION

Then here as yet there was naught but shadowy darkness, and this wide-spread earth loomed large and dim, empty and useless: the firm-hearted king looked upon it with his eyes and beheld the place void of gladness; he saw the dark mists brooding in eternal night, swart beneath the heavens, wan and waste, until by the word of the King of Glory this world grew up.

The Eternal Lord, the guardian of all creatures, shaped first the heaven and earth; he upreared the sky, and set firm this widespread land with his strong might, the Lord Almighty. The ground was not yet green with grass: swart eternal night far and wide covered the ocean, the dark waves. Then was the glory-bright Spirit of the Heaven-keeper borne over the heaving sea with great power.

The Temptation

Angan hine þa gyrwan godes andsaca,
fus on frætwum, hæfde fæcne hyge,
hæleðhelm on heafod asette and þone ful hearde geband,
speonn mid spangum : wiste him spræca fela
wora worda. Wand him up þanon,
hwearf him þurh þa helldora, hæfde hyge strangne,
leolc on lyfte laþ wendemod,
swang þaet fyr on twa feondes cræfte,
wolde dearnunga drihtnes geongran,
mid mandædum menn beswican,
forlædan and forlæran, þæt hie wurdon lað gode.
He þa geferede þurh feondes cræft,
oð ðæt he Adam on eorðrice,
godes handgesceaft gearone funde,
wislice geworht and his wif somed,
freo fægroste. (Ll. 442–457.)

. . . .

Wearp hine þa on wyrmes lic and wand him þa ymbutan
þone deaðes beam þurh deofles cræft,
genam þær þæs ofætes and wende hine eft þanon,
þær he wiste handgeweorc heofoncyninges.

THE TEMPTATION

Then God's adversary began to equip himself, eager for his harness he had an artful mind ; he set a helmet on his head and bound it down firmly, fastened it with clasps : he knew many a speech of crooked words. He thence upwheeled himself, turned through the hell-doors ; he had a strong heart. He flew through the air, his mind bent on evil, he swung the fire in two by the craft of a fiend. He would secretly deceive mankind, the subjects of the Lord, with his wicked deeds, would mislead and teach them wrong, that they might be hateful to God. He then fared on by his fiendish craft, until he found Adam, the handiwork of God, wisely wrought, all complete, on the realm of earth, and his wife with him, the fairest woman. . . . Then he threw himself into serpent's form and wound himself about the tree of death with devil's craft, took there of the fruit and again turned him thence where he knew was the handiwork of the Heavenly

Ongon hine þa frinan forman worde
se laða mid ligenum : " Langað þe awuht,
Adam, up to Gode ? ic eom on his ærende hider
feorran gefered. Ne þæt nu fyrn ne wæs,
þæt ic wið hine sylfne sæt : þa het he me on þysne sið
faran,
het, þæt þa þisses ofætes æte, cwæð, þæt þin, abal and
cræft
and þin modsefa mara wurde
and þin lichoma leohtra micle,
þin gesceapu scenran . . . .
hæfst þe wið drihten dyrne geworhtne ; ic gehyrde hine
þine dæd and word
lofian on his leohte and ymb þin lif sprecan.
Swa þa læstan scealt, þæt in þis land hider
his bodan bringað : . . .
. . . . læste þu georne
his ambyhto, nim þe þis ofæt on hand,
bit his and byrge." . . .
Adam maðelode, þær he on eorðan stod,
selfsceafte guma : " Þonne ic sigedrihten,
mihtigne god mæðlan gehyrde
strangre stemne and me her stondan het
his bebodu healdan and me þas bryd forgeaf,

King. Then began the enemy in his first word to ask with lies of him. " Dost thou long for aught, Adam, up towards God ? I have come hither from afar on his errand. It was not now long ago that I sat with himself, when he bade me go on this quest, bade that thou eat of this fruit; said that thy strength and power and thy mind should become mightier and thy body much fairer, thy form lovelier . . . Thou hast made thyself dear to the Lord ; I heard him, in his light, praise thy word and deed and speak about thy life. So thou oughtest to fulfil the thing that bringeth his servant to this land. Do thou willingly his behest ; take thee this fruit in hand, bite of it and taste." . . . Adam spake, he stood there on the earth, of no man born ; " When I heard speak the Lord of Victory, the mighty God, with a great voice, and he bade me stand here, hold to his commandment,

wlitesciene wif, and me warnian het,
þæt ic on þone deaðes beam bedroren ne wurde,
beswicen to swiðe : he cwæð, þæt þa sweartan helle
healdan sceolde, se ðe bi his heortan wuht
laðes gelæde. Nat þeah þu mid ligenum fare
þurh dyrne geþanc, þe þu drihtnes eart
boda of heofnum. Hwæt ! ic þinra bysna ne mæg,
worda ne wisna wuht oncnawan,
siðes ne sagona. Ic wat, hwæt he me self bebead
nergend user, þa ic hine nehst geseah :
he het me his word weorðian and wel healdan,
læstan his lare. Þu gelic ne bist
ænegum his engla, þe ic ær geseah,
ne þu me oðiewdest ænig tacen,
þe he me þurh treowe to onsende,
min hearra þurh hyldo. Þy ic þe hyran ne cann :
ac þu meaht þe forð faran. Ic hæbbe me fæstne geleafan
up to þam ælmihtegan gode, þe me mid his earmum
worhte
her mid handum sinum : he mæg me of his hean rice
gyfian mid goda gehwilcum, þeah he his gingran ne
sende."

and gave me this bride, woman of lovely form, and bade me beware that I should not be seduced by the tree of death, too greatly deceived, he said, then, that the swart Hell should hold him who bare at his heart any of that hateful thing. I wot not if thou comest here with lies, through secret purpose, thou who art a messenger of God from Heaven. Lo ! naught of thy bidding, of thy words nor thy ways, can I understand, nor thy story of this quest. I know what he himself, our Preserver, commanded me when I saw him last : he bade me honour his word and hold it fast, follow his teaching. Thou art not like any of his angels which I have seen before, nor hast thou shown any token which he has sent me for pledge, my Lord in kindness. Therefore I cannot hear thee, but thou mayest fare thee forth. I have firm faith in the Almighty God, who wrought me with his arms, with his hands here : from his high realm he can give me every good, though he send no servant."

Wende hine wraðmod, þær he þæt wif geseah,
on eorðrice Evan stondan
sceone gesceapene ; cwæð, þæt sceaðena mæst :
. . . . " Ic wat, inc waldend God
abolgen wyrð, swa ic him þisne bodscipe
selfa secge, þonne ic of þys siðe cume
ofer langne weg, þæt git ne læstan wel
hwilc ærende, swa he easten hider
on þysne sið sendeð. Nu sceal he sylf faran
to incre andsware ; ne mæg his ærende
his boda beodan : þy ic wat, þæt he inc abolgen wyrð
mihtig on mode. Gif þu þeah minum wilt,
wif, willende wordum hyran,
þu meaht his þonne rume ræd geþencan.
Gehyge on þinum breostum, þæt þu inc bam twam
meaht
wite bewarigan, swa ic þe wisie :
æt þisses ofætes. Þonne wurðað þin eagan swa leoht
þæt þu meaht swa wide ofer woruld ealle
geseon siððan and selfes stol
herran þines and habban his hyldo forð.
Meaht þu Adam eft gestyran,
gif þu his willan hæfst and he þinum wordum getrywð

Wrathful in mind he turned, and there he saw the woman, Eve, standing on the earth, shapen in loveliness ; then said that mightiest of foes, " I know the Lord God will be angry with you when I myself give him this message, when I come from this journey over a long way, saying that ye will not heed my tidings that he sent hither from the East at this time. Now must he himself come for your answer ; his messenger cannot make his errand known. Therefore, I know, that he will be angry with you both, wrathful in mind. Yet if thou, woman, wilt willingly obey my words, then thou mayest devise weighty counsel for it. Reflect in thy heart that thou mayest ward off the punishment from both of you, as I shall show thee ; eat of this fruit. Then shall thine eyes be so enlightened that thou mayest see forthwith far and wide over all the world and the throne of thy Lord himself, and henceforth have his favour. Thou mightest lead Adam,

. . . . . Span þu hine georne,
þæt he þine lare læste, þy læs gyt lað Gode
incrum waldende weorðan þyrfen.
Gif þu þæt angin fremest, idesa seo betste,
forhele ic incrum herran, þæt me hearmes swa fela
Adam gespræc, eargra worda."

. . . . . .

Lædde hie swa mid ligenum and mid listum speon
idese on þæt unriht, oð þæt hire on innan ongan
weallan wyrmes geþeaht (hæfde hire wacran hige
metod gemearcod), þæt heo hire mod ongan
lætan æfter þam larum. . . .
. . . . . Ne wearð wyrse dæd
Monnum gemearcod! þæt is micel wundor
þæt hit ece god æfre wolde,
þeoden þolian, þæt wurde þegn swa monig
forlædd be þam lygenum, þe for þam larum com!

. . . . . .

Heo þa þæs ofætes æt, alwaldan bræc
word and willan: þa meahte heo wide geseon

. . . . . .

þæt hire þuhte hwitre heofon and eorðe

then, if thou hast the will for it, and he believeth thy words. Do thou urge him earnestly to follow thy counsel, lest ye, perforce, become hateful to the Lord God. If thou, O best of women, dost fulfil the deed, I will hide it from your Lord that Adam spake so many evil things to me and vile words." . . . Thus with lies he led her on and with artfulness enticed the woman into wrong, until the counsel of the Serpent began to stir within her (she had the weaker mind allotted by the Lord), so that her heart began to let in that advice.

Never was a worse deed marked out for men. It is a great wonder that the Eternal God, the Lord, would suffer it, that so many a man should be led wrong by the lies which came from that cunning counsel.

. . . Then she ate of the fruit, she broke the command and the will of the Almighty. Then could she see far and wide, so that heaven and earth seemed brighter to her, and all this world more

and eall þeos woruld wlitigre and geweorc godes
micel and mihtig, þeah heo hit þurh monnes geþeaht
ne sceawode: ac se sceaða georne
swicode ymb þa sawle, ...
. . . Þa se forhatena spræc
þurh feondscipe (nalles he hie freme lærde):
"Þu meaht nu þe self geseon, swa ic hit þe secgan
ne þearf,
Eve seo gode, þæt þe is ungelic
wlite and wæstmas, siððan þu minum wordum getru-
wodest. . . . .
Sæge Adame, hwilce þu gesihðe hæfst
þurh minne cime cræfta." . . .
Þa gieng to Adame idesa scenost,
wifa wlitegost, þe on woruld come:
forþon heo wæs handgeweorc heofoncyninges,
þeah heo þa dearnenga fordon wurde
forlæd mid ligenum. . . . .
Sum heo hire on handum bær, sum hire æt heortan læg
æppel unsælga. . . .

(Ll. 491–637.)

. . . Þa heo to hire hearran spræc:
"Adam, frea min! þis ofet is swa swete,
blið on breostum, and þes boda sciene

lovely, and the work of God great and mighty. Yet not by the art of man did she behold it, but the enemy diligently haunted her soul. . . . Then the accursed one spake in fiendish craft (no virtue he taught her): "Thou mayest now see thyself, as I need not tell thee, O Eve the good, that changed are thy countenance and form, since thou hast believed my words. Tell Adam what vision thou hast, what knowledge through my coming." . . . Then went to Adam the fairest of women, the loveliest of wives who have come to the world, for she was the handiwork of the Heavenly King, though she had been secretly undone, led away with lies. . . . Some of the evil apple she bare in her hand, some lay at her heart. . . . Then she spake to her lord: "Adam, my lord! this fruit is so sweet, delightful to the heart, and this messenger bright is a good angel of

godes engel god : ic on his gearwan geseo,
þæt he is ærendsecg uncres hearran,
hefoncyninges. His hyldo is unc betere
to gewinnanne, þonne his wiðermedo.
Gif þu him heodæg wuht hearmes gespræce
he forgifð hit þeah, gif wit him geongordom
læstan willað. Hwæt scal þe swa laðlic strið
wið þines hearran bodan ? Unc is his hyldo þearf :
he mæg unc ærendian to þam alwaldan
heofoncyninge. Ic mæg heonan geseon,
hwær he sylf siteð (þæt is suð and east)
wela bewunden, se þas woruld gesceop ;
geseo ic him his englas ymbe hweorfan
mid feðerhaman, ealra folca mæst,
wereda wynsumast. Hwa meaht me swelc gewit
gifan
gif hit gegnunga god ne onsende ?

(Ll. 654–672.)

. . . .

Hio spræc him þicce to and speon hine ealne dæg
on þa dimman dæd . . .
. . . wæs se feond full neah
þe on þa frecnan fyrd gefaren hæfde
ofer langne weg . . . . .

God. I see by his garments that he is a messenger from our Lord the King of Heaven. Better it is for us to win his favour than his enmity. If thou hast to-day spoken any ill of him, yet he will forgive it thee, if we resolve to offer him obedience. Why must there be in thee such unseemly strife against thy Lord's messenger ? We have need of his favour : he can lay our wants before the Lord the Heavenly King. I can see from here where he himself is sitting (that is South and East) surrounded with weal, he who made the world ; I see his angels with him, hovering round about with their feather-raiment, mightiest of all folk, loveliest of companies. Who could give me such wit if verily God did not send it ?" . . . She spake to him incessantly, and egged him on all day to the dark deed (the foe was very near, who had come a long

. . . oð þam þegne ongan
his hige hweorfan, þæt he þam gehate getruwode,
þe him þæt wif wordum sægde:
heo dyde hit þeah þurh holdne hyge, nyste þæt þær
hearma swa fela
fyrenearfeða fylgean sceolde
Monna cynne. . . .
. . . He æt þam wife onfeng
helle and hinnsið, þeah hit nære haten swa,
ac hit ofætes noman agan sceolde!
. . . Swa hit him on innan com
hran æt heortan, hloh þa and plegode
boda bitre gehugod, sægde begra þanc
hearran sinum: Nu hæbbe ic þine hyldo me
witode geworhte and þinne willan gelæst.
(Ll. 684–727.)
. . . Mæg þin mod wesan
bliðe on breostum; forþon her synt butu gedon
ge þæt hæleða bearn heofonrices sculon
leode forlætan and on þæt lig to þe
hate hweorfan: eac is hearm Gode

way on that daring errand) . . . . until his heart began to turn within the man, so that he trusted to the promise which the woman gave to him in words: yet she did it through a faithful heart, she knew not that so much harm and sinful misery should follow to the race of men . . . He took from the woman hell and death, though it was not called so, but it was made to have the name of a fruit . . . So it came within him, it touched his heart, and then the angel, bitter of thought, laughed and sported, said thanks to his lord[1] for both of these things: "Now have I won to me thy promised favour and have fulfilled thy will . . thy heart may be glad within thy breast; for here are both things done: the children of mankind must leave the heavenly realm and turn to thee, hot in that flame; also is there harm to God, mind-

[1] The Tempter, Satan, is conceived by the poet as the emissary of a greater ruler in Hell.

modsorg gemacod. Swa hwæt swa wit her morðres
hit is nu Adame eall forgolden [þoliað
. . . forþon is min mod gehæled,
hyge ymb heortan gerume : ealle synt uncre hearmas
gewrecene
laðes þæt wit lange þoledon . . .
. . . Sorgedon batwa
Adam and Eve and him oft betuh
gnornword gengdon. . . .
(Ll. 750–769)

Adam gemælde and to Evan spræc :
" Hwæt ! þu Eve hæfst yfele gemearcod
uncer sylfra sið. Gesyhst þu nu þa sweartan helle,
grædige and gifre ? Nu þu hie grimman meaht
heonane gehyran : Nis heofonrice
gelic þam lige ; ac þis is landa betst,
þæt wit þurh uncres hearran þanc habban moston.
. . . Nu slit me hunger and þurst
bitre on breostrum, þæs wit begra ær
wæron orsorge on ealle tid.
Hu sculon wit nu libban oððe on þys lande wesan,
gif her wind cymð westan oððe eastan
suðan oððe norðan, gesweorc upfæreð,
cymeð hægles scur hefone getenge,

sorrow, made ready. Whatsoever we two suffer here of misery, it is now all paid back on Adam . . therefore my mind is healed, my heart is enlarged in my breast : all our injuries are avenged, all the insult we have long suffered." . . . Both Adam and Eve fell into sorrow and oft there passed between them words of grief. . . . Adam spake, and said to Eve, " Lo ! thou, O Eve, badly hast marked out our fate for us. Now dost thou see the swart hell greedy and ravenous ? Now from here thou mayst hearken to the grim ones : the heaven realm is not like that flame ; but yet this is the best land that we may have by the favour of our Lord . . . Now hunger and thirst tear me, bitter in the breast ; from these, before, we both were always free. How shall we now live or be dwelling in this land, if here the wind cometh from west or east, south or north, gloom

færeð forst on gemang, se byð fyrnum ceald,
hwilum of heofnum hate scineð,
blicð þeos beorhte sunne and wit her baru standað
unwered wædo ? Nys unc wuht beforan
to scursceade ne sceattes wiht
to mete gemearcod : ac unc is mihtig god
waldend wraðmod. To hwon sculon wit weorðan nu ?
Nu me mæg ahreowan, þæt ic bæd heofnes god,
waldend þone godan, þæt he þe her worhte to me
of liðum minum, nu þu me forlæred hæfst
on mines herran hete : swa me nu hreowan mæg
æfre to aldre, þæt ic þe minum eagum geseah ! "
Þa spræc Eve eft, idesa scienost,
wifa wlitegost (hie wæs geweorc Godes,
þeah heo þa on deofles cræft bedroren wurde) :
" Þu meaht hit me witan, wine min Adam,
wordum þinum : hit þe þeah wyrs ne mæg
on þinum hyge hreowan, þonne hit me æt heortan deð."
(Ll. 790–825.)

riseth, a shower of hail cometh from the heaven, and the frost fareth upon us, which is cruelly cold ? Sometimes the bright sun will shine and blicker with heat from the heavens, and we shall stand here bare, with no covering of raiment. There is naught at hand for shade from the shower nor aught in store set by for food, but the mighty God, the Lord, is wrathful with us. To what shall we two now come ? Now I may rue it that I prayed the God of Heaven, the good Lord, that he should here have made thee for me from my limbs, now thou hast led me astray into my Lord's hatred. So now I may rue it for ever and ever, that I have seen thee with mine eyes ! " Then spake Eve thereupon, fairest of women, loveliest of wives (she was the work of God, though by the devil's craft she had been deceived), " Thou mayest reproach me with it, in thy words, Adam my beloved, yet it cannot worse rue thee in thy mind than it doth me at my heart."

THE EXODUS

The Israelites and Egyptians at the Red Sea

Hof ða for hergum hlude stefne
lifigendra leod, þa he to leodum spræc:
" Hwaet! ge nu eagum to on lociað,
folca leofost, faerwundra sum
hu ic sylfa sloh ond þeos swiðre hand
grene tane garsecges deop:
yð up færeð, ofstum wyrceð
wæter ond wealfæstan. Wegas syndon dryge
haswe herestræta, holm gerymed,
ealde staðolas, þa ic ær ne gefrægn
ofer middangeard men geferan,
fage feldas, þa forð heonon
in ece yðe þeahton,
sælde sægrundas: suðwind fornam
bæðweges blæst, brim is areafod,
sand sæcir spau. Ic wat soð gere,
þæt eow mihtig god miltse gecyðde,
eorlas, ærglade! Ofest is selost
þæt ge of feonda fæðme weorðen,
nu se agend up arærde

THE EXODUS

The leader of the living ones raised a loud voice before the armies, when he spake to the people: " Lo! ye now, best beloved of people, look with your eyes upon a sudden wonder, how I myself and this right hand with a green rod have struck the deep of ocean. The wave upriseth, quickly worketh the water into a wall-fastness. The ways are dry, the grey army-streets, the sea is opened, the ancient foundations which I have never heard before that men upon the earth have trod, the foamy[1] fields, which through eternity the waves have covered, the sea depths, held erewhile in bondage. The South wind swept away the sea breeze. The ocean is sundered, the sea ebb hath thrown forth the sand. I know full truly that the mighty God will have shown mercy to you, O men, before sunset! Haste is best that ye may come forth from the grip of the foes, now

1. This follows the reading *famge* instead of *fage* as in the text.

reade streamas in randgebeorh :
syndon þa foreweallas fægre gestepte,
wrætlicu wægfaru oð wolcna hrof."
Æfter þam wordum werod eall aras,
modigra mægen : mere stille bad.
Hofon herecyste hwite linde,
segnas on sande. Sæweall astah,
uplang gestod wið Israhelum
andægne fyrst ; wæs seo eorla gedriht
anes modes. . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . (Ll. 276–305.)
Folc waes afæred : flodegsa becwom
gastas geomre, geofon deaðe hweop.
Wæron beorhhliðu blode bestemed,
holm heolfre spaw, hream wæs on yðum,
wæter wæpna ful, wælmist astah.
Wæron Egypte eft oncyrde,
flugon forhtigende, faer ongeton,
woldon herebleaðe hamas findan :
gylp wearð gnornra. Him ongen genap
atol yða gewealc : ne ðær ænig becwom

the Lord hath upreared the red streams as a shield-wall. Here are the fore-walls finely erected, wondrous wave-road to the roof of the clouds." After these words the host all arose, the troop of the brave ones ; the sea abode still. The army bands raised the white linden shields, their ensigns on the sand. The sea-wall arose, upright it stood for Israel the space of a day ; the band of men was of one mind. . . . .

(*Then the crossing of the sea begins—the Tribe of Judah goes first. The Egyptians follow and are overwhelmed in the sea.*)

The folk was affrighted, flood-terror came upon their sad souls, the ocean threatened death. The heights were besteamed with blood, the sea foamed with gore, shrieking was in the waves, the water full of weapons, a deadly mist arose. The Egyptians were turned back, fearful they fled ; perceiving the peril, they wished, panic stricken, to find their homes ; their vaunting was gloomier. Darkening towards them loomed the dire rolling of the wave ; none

herges to hame, ac behindan beleac
wyrd mid wæge. Þær ær wegas lagon,
mere modgode, mægen wæs adrenced.
Streamas stodon, storm up gewat
heah to heofonum, herewopa mæst;
laðe cyrmdon; lyft up geswearc;
fægum stæfnum flod blod gewod:
Randbyrig wæron rofene, rodor swipode
meredeaða mæst; modige swulton
cyningas on corðre, cyre swiðrode
sæs æt ende. Wigbord scinon.
Heah ofer hæleðum holmweall astah,
merestream modig: mægen wæs on cwealme
fæste gefeterod. (Ll. 446–469.)

JUDITH

8th century ?

Judith and her Maid Return to the People with the Head of Holofernes

. . . Eodon ða gegnum þanonne
þa idesa ba ellenþriste,
oðþæt hie becomon collenferhðe,
eadhreðige mægð ut of ðam herige,
þæt hic sweotollice geseon mihten

there of the army came home. But Wyrd locked them behind with the wave; where before the road lay, the sea grew mighty, the army went under. The waters went forth, the storm arose high to the heavens; the foe shrieked out the greatest of army cries. The air grew thick with the doomed voices; blood flowed through the flood. The shield walls were riven; the greatest of sea-deaths struck the sky; proud, died the kings, in a body. Hope of return failed at the end of the sea. The shields shone; high over the warriors arose the ocean-wall, the mighty sea-stream. The army was fast fettered in death.

JUDITH RETURNS

Then they went forth thence, both[1] the courageous women, until they had come, exultant, triumphant maidens, out from the army

[1] "Both," i.e. Judith and her handmaid.

þære wlitegan byrig weallas blican,
Bethuliam. Hie ða beahhrodene
feðelaste forð onettan,
oð hie glædmode gegan hæfdon
To ðam wealgate. Wiggend sæton,
weras wæccende wearde heoldon
in ðam fæstenne, swa ðam folce ær
geomormodum Judith bebead,
searoðoncol mægð, þa heo on sið gewat,
ides ellenrof. Wæs ða eft cumen
leof to leodum, ond ða lungre het
gleawhydig wif gumena sumne
of ðære ginnan byrig hyre togeanes gan
ond hi ofostlice in forlæton
þurh ðæs wealles geat, ond þæt word acwæð
to ðam sigefolce: "Ic eow secgan mæg
þoncwyrðe þing, þæt ge ne þyrfen leng.
murnan on mode: eow ys metod bliðe,
cyninga wuldor; þæt gecyðed wearð
geond woruld wide, þæt eow ys wuldorblæd
torhtlic toweard ond tir gifeðe
þara læðða, þe ge lange drugon."

so that they could clearly see the shining walls of the fair city Bethulia. Then, ring-adorned, they hastened on the road, until, glad-minded, they had come to the wall-gate. The warriors were sitting, the watchers were holding ward within the fortress, as Judith, the shrewd maiden, had before bidden the sad-minded people, when she went on her errand, the undaunted woman. Now again had she come, dear to the people. Then the wise woman forthwith bade one of the men from the spacious city to come to meet her and quickly let her in through the gate of the wall; and this word she spake to the triumphant people: "I can tell you a gladsome thing; that ye need no longer mourn in mind; the Lord is good to you, the Glory of Kings. It is made known, throughout the wide world, that bright and glorious prosperity is at hand for you, and honour is given for those wrongs which ye long have endured."

Þa wurdon bliðe burhsittende,
syððan hi gehyrdon, hu seo halige spræc
ofer heanne weall. Here wæs on lustum:
wið þæs fæstengeates folc onette,
weras, wif somod wornum ond heapum,
ðreatum ond ðrymmum þrungon ond urnon
ongean ða þeodnes mægð þusendmælum,
ealde ge geonge: æghwylcum wearð
men on ðære medobyrig mod areted,
syððan hie ongeaton, þæt wæs Judith cumen
eft to eðle, ond ða ofostlice
hie mid eaðmedum in forleton.
Þa seo gleawe het golde gefrætewod
hyre ðinenne þancolmode
þæs herewæðan heafod onwriðan
ond hyt to behðe blodig ætywan
þam burgleodum, hu hyre æt beaduwe gespeow.
Spræc þa seo æðele to eallum þam folce:
" Her ge magon sweotole, sigerofe hæleð,
leoda ræswan, on ðæs laðestan
hæðenes heaðorinces heafod starian
. . . ic him ealdor oðþrong
þurh Godes fultum. Nu ic gumena gehwæne

Then the city dwellers were glad when they heard how the holy one spake, over the high wall. The host was in delight: the people hastened to the fortress gate, men and women together in crowds and heaps, in throngs and multitudes, pressed forth and ran, in thousands, both old and young, to meet the Lord's maiden; each man in that city was cheered in mind when he knew that Judith had come back to her home. And then with reverence they let her in.

Then the wise woman, gold-adorned, bade her handmaid, the thoughtful-minded, unwrap the head of the army leader, and show it gory to the city folk, as witness how she had sped in the conflict. Then the noble one spake to all the folk: " Here may ye clearly, victorious heroes, leaders of the people, gaze on the head of that most hateful heathen warrior. I deprived him of life through the

þyssa burgleoda biddan wylle
randwiggendra, þæt ge recene eow
fysan to gefeohte ; syððan frymða God,
arfæst cyning eastan sende
leohtne leoman, berað linde forð,
bord for breostum and byrnhomas,
scire helmas in sceaðena gemong,
fyllan folctogan fagum sweordum,
fæge frumgaras. Fynd syndon eowere
gedemed to deaðe and ge dom agon
tir æt tohtan, swa eow getacnod hafað
mihtig dryhten þurh mine hand." (Ll. 132–198.)

CHRIST AND SATAN : THE HARROWING OF HELL

CHRIST ENTERING HADES 8th century ?

Þa him egsa becom
dyne for deman, þa he duru in helle
bræc and begde : bliss wearð monnum,
þa hi hælendes heafod gesawon.

. . . . .

þa wæron mid egsan ealle afyrhte
wide geond windsele, wordum mændon :

help of God. Now I wish to pray every man of this city-folk, every shield warrior, that ye hasten you quickly to fight ; when the God of Creation, the merciful King, shall send from the east the bright beam, bear forth your lindens, shields before breasts, and your coats of mail, bright helmets among the foes, fell the folk-leaders, the fated chiefs, with shining swords. Your enemies are doomed to death, and ye shall have honour, glory in the conflict, as the mighty Lord has betokened to you through my hand."

CHRIST AND SATAN

Then came terror upon them (*Lucifer and his crew*), a crashing din before the Lord, when he brake and bent the doors in upon Hell. There was joy to men when they saw the face [1] of the Saviour . . . They (*the fiends*) were all affrighted with terrors, far and wide through-

[1] Lit., head.

"Þis is stronglic, nu þes storm becom,
þegen mid þreate, þeoden engla;
him beforan fereð fægerre leoht
þonne we æfre ær eagum gesawon,
butan þa we mid englum uppe wæron.
Wile nu ure witu þurh his wuldres cræft
eall to weorpan, nu þes egsa com,
dyne for dryhtne, sceal þes dreorga heap
ungeara nu atol þrowian.
Hit is se seolfa sunu waldendes,
engla drihten, wile up heonan
sawla lædan and we seoððan a
þæs yrreweorces henðo geþoliað."
Hwearf þa to helle hæleða bearnum
meotod þurh mihte, wolde manna rim
fela þusenda forð gelædan
up to eðle. Þa com engla sweg
dyne on dægred: hæfde drihten seolf
feond oferfohten; wæs seo fæhðe þa gyt
open on uhtan, ...
aras þa anra gehwylc and wið earm gesæt,

out the windy-hall; they moaned in words: "This is terrible, now this assault has come, the thane with his band, the Prince of angels; in front of him goeth a fairer light than we ever before have seen with our eyes, save only when we were up with the angels.

"Now these torments of ours will be utterly put to naught, through the power of his glory, now this terror has come, this din, before the Lord. Soon, now, must this our wretched crew suffer misery! It is the Son of the Ruler himself, the Lord of Angels; he will take the souls up hence, and we ever after shall endure contempt for this deed of wrath." Then through his might the Lord turned to Hell for the children of men; he would lead forth a multitude of mankind, many thousands, up to their home. Then came the sound of angels, tumult in the day-break: the Lord himself had overcome the fiend; the deadly feud was open until dawn . . . Then arose every one and rested on his arm, leaned on his hand; though the

hleonade wið handa ; þeah hylle gryre
egeslic þuhte, wæron ealle þæs
fægen in firnum, þæt heora drihten
wolde him to helpe helle gesecan.

. . . . .

Þæt, la, wæs fæger, þæt se feða com
up to earde and se eca mid him
meotod mancynnes in þa mæran burh.

(Ll. 379-406 ; 432, 457, &c.)

THE RUINED CITY

8th century.

Wrætlic is þaes wealstan : wyrde gebræcon,
burgstede burston, brosnað enta geweorc.
Hrofas sind gehrorene, hreorge torras,
hrungeat-torras berofen, hrim on lime,
scearde scurbeorge scorene, gedrorene,
ældo under-eotone. Eorðgrap hafað
waldend-wyrhtan forweorone, geleorene,
heard gripe hrusan : oþ hund cnea
werþeoda gewitan. Oft þæs wag gebad
ræghar and readfah rice æfter oþrum
ofstonden under stormum . . .

horror of hell seemed awful, yet were all so glad in their suffering that the Lord of men wished to help them to seek their home . . . Lo, that was fair ! when that company came up to their home, and with them the Eternal, the Lord of Mankind, into the famous city.

THE RUINED CITY

Wondrous is its wall-stone : fates have broken, have shattered the city, the work of giants is perishing. The roofs are fallen, the towers in ruins, the towers with grated doors despoiled, rime on the lime, the ramparts [1] shorn down, fallen, with age undereaten. The earth-grasp, the hard grip of the ground, holds the mighty workers, decayed, departed : till a hundred generations of men pass away. Oft its wall abided, goat-grey and red-stained, through rule after rule, steady under storms . . . bright were the burg-dwellings, bath-

[1] Lit., notched shower-defences.

THE WANDERER

Beorht wæron burgræced, burnsele monige,
heah horngestreon, heresweg micel,
meodoheall monig, mandreama full,
oþ þæt þæt onwende wyrd seo swiþe.

. . . . .

Stanhofu stodan ; stream hate wearp
widan wylme : weal eall befeng.
beorhtan bosme, þær þa baþu wæron
hat on hreþre ; þæt wæs hyðelic.

(Ll. 1–12, 22, 39, &c.)

THE WANDERER

8th century.

Swa cwæð eardstapa earfeþa gemyndig,
wraþra wælsleahta, winemæga hryre :
" Oft ic sceolde ana uhtna gehwylce
mine ceare cwiþan. Nis nu cwicra nan,
þe ic him modsefan minne durre
sweotule asecgan. Ic to soþe wat
þæt biþ in eorle indryhten þeaw ;
þæt he his ferðlocan fæste binde,
healde his hordcofan, hycge swa he wille ;

. . . . .

halls many, high the clustered pinnacles,[1] great the warlike sound, many a mead-hall, full of mirth of men, until the strong Wyrd changed it . . . There stood the courts of stone ; the stream threw forth hot and spreading billows : a wall encircled all its bright bosom, where the baths were, hot within ; that was well fitted for men.

THE WANDERER

Thus quoth a wanderer, mindful of miseries, of cruel slaughters, the fall of dear kinsmen : " Oft at each dawn, alone I must speak my care. None now is living to whom I dare tell my heart clearly. I know forsooth that it is a noble habit in a man to bind fast the casket of his soul, to hold firm his heart,[2] think as he will. So, oft

[1] Lit., horn-wealth.

[2] Lit., treasure-coffer.

Swa ic modsefan minne sceolde
oft earmcearig, eðle bidæled,
freomægum feor feterum sælan,
siþþan geara iu goldwine mine
hrusan heolster biwrah and ic hean þonan
wod wintercearig ofer waþema gebind,
sohte sele dreorig sinces bryttan,
hwær ic feor oþþe neah findan meahte,
þone þe in meoduhealle mine wisse
oþþe mec freondleasne frefran wolde,
wenian mid wynnum. Wat se þe cunnað,
nu sliþen bið sorg to geferan,
þam þe him lyt hafað leofra geholena:
warað hine wræclast nales wunden gold,
ferðloca freorig nalæs foldan blæd;
gemon he sele, secgas and sincþege,
hu hine on geoguðe his goldwine
wenede to wiste: wyn eal gedreas.
For þon wat se þe sceal his winedryhtnes
leofes larcwidum longe forþolian,
ðonne sorg and slæp somod ætgædre
earmne anhogan oft gebindað:
þinceð him on mode þæt he his mondryhten

wretched, divided from home, far from my brethren, my breast I was forced to seal up in fetters, when the darkness of earth had covered my lord.[1] And I went thence, heavy-hearted, winter-sad, over the mingled waves; dreary I sought the hall of some giver of treasure if, far or near, I might find anyone who in the mead hall would love me or comfort me, friendless, treat me kindly. He knoweth who trieth it, how cruel is sorrow for companion, to him who hath few faithful friends: him the track of exile attends, not the wreathen gold; a frozen body, not the joys of earth; he remembereth the hall, the brave men, and receiving of treasure, how in his youth his lord used to cherish him: all joy has failed. This he knoweth who must long forego the counsel of his dear lord, that when sorrow and sleep both together often bind

[1] Lit., gold-friend.

clyppe and cysse and on cneo lecge
honda and heafod, swa he hwilum ær
in geardagum giefstolas breac:
ðonne onwæcneð eft wineleas guma,
gesihð him biforan fealwe wegas,
baþian brimfuglas, brædan feþra,
hreosan hrim and snaw hagle gemenged.
Þonne beoð þy hefigran heortan benne
sare æfter swæsne, sorg bið geniwad;

. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . . (Ll. 6–57).

. . . . .
Hwær cwom mearg? hwær cwom mago? hwær
cwom maþþumgyfa?
hwær cwom symbla gesetu? hwær sindon sele
dreamas?
Ea la beorht bune! ea la byrnwiga!
ea la þeodnes þrym! hu seo þrag gewat,

the poor lone wanderer, it seemeth in mind to him as if he claspeth and kisseth his noble lord and layeth on his knee his hands and head, as of old, when in days of yore he enjoyed gifts from the royal-seat.[1] Then the friendless man awakeneth again, seeth before him the fallow waves, the sea-fowls bathing, broadening their feathers, frost and snow falling, mingled with hail.

"Then are the wounds of his heart the heavier, sore-longing after the beloved, sorrow is renewed." . . . (*the poet then muses on the passing of all things, and the ruin of a great city, and breaks forth*:)

"Where is the horse gone? Where is the man gone? Where is gone the treasure-giver? Where are gone the seats of feasting? Where are the hall-joys? Ea la! the beaker bright! Ea la! the mailed warrior! Ea la! the princes' splendour! How the time

[1] Lit., he enjoyed the gift-stool.

genap under nihthelm, swa heo ne wære!
Stondeð nu on laste leofre duguþe
weal wundrum heah, wyrmlicum fah:
eorlas fornoman asca þryþe,
wæpen wælgifru, wyrd seo mære,
and þas stanhleoþu stormas cnyssað;
hrið hreosende, hruse bindeð
wintres woma, þonne won cymeð,
nipeð nihtscua, norþan onsendeð
hreo hæglfare hæleþum on andan.
Eall is earfoðlic eorþan rice,
onwendeð wyrda gesceaft weoruld under heofonum:
her bið feoh læne, her bið freond læne,
her bið mon læne, her bið mæg læne:
eal þis eorþan gesteal idel weorþeð. (Ll. 92–110)

THE SEAFARER

8th century.

The Allurement of the Sea

For þon him gelyfeð lyt, se þe ah lifes wyn
gebiden in burgum, bealosiþa hwon,
wlonc and wingal, hu ic werig oft

has passed away! Darkened under the helm of night, as if it had not been! Now there standeth in the place of well-loved heroes a wall wondrous high, marked with serpent-forms; the strength of ashen spears, slaughter-greedy weapons, has taken off the chieftains—great is Wyrd—and storms dash upon these rocky walls. The falling snow-flakes,[1] the winter's terror, bind the earth when the night-shadow cometh wan and groweth dark, sendeth from the North the fierce hail-storm for the hurt of men. All is affliction on the realm of earth, the doom of Wyrd changeth the world beneath the heavens. Here wealth is fleeting, here a friend is fleeting, here is man fleeting, here is woman fleeting. All this place of earth is vanity.

THE SEAFARER

He little believeth, who, abiding in cities, owneth the joy of life with few adversities, proud and hot with wine, how often, aweary

[1] This translation of *hrið* is doubtful.

in brimlade bidan sceolde !
Nap nihtscua, norþan sniwde,
hrim hrusan bond, hægl feol on eorðan,
corna caldast, For þon cnyssað nu
heortan geþohtas, þæt ic hean streamas,
sealtyþa gelac sylf cunnige ;
monað modes lust mæla gehwylce
ferð to feran, þæt ic feor heonan
elþeodigra eard gesece.
For þon nis þæs modwlonc mon ofer eorðan
ne his gifena þæs god ne in geoguþe to þæs hwæt
ne in his dædum to þæs deor ne him his dryhten to þæs
hold,
þæt he a his sæfore sorge næbbe,
to hwon hine dryhten gedon wille.
Ne biþ him to hearpan hyge ne to hringþege
ne to wife wyn ne to worulde hyht
ne ymbe owiht elles nefne ymb yða gewealc :
ac a hafað longunge, se þe on lagu fundað.
Bearwas blostmum nimað, byrig fægriað,
wongas wlitigað, woruld onetteð :
ealle þa gemoniað modes fusne

I must dwell upon the sea-way. The night-shadow darkened, it snowed from the north, frost bound the land, hail fell on earth, coldest of grains. So now the thoughts of my heart urge that I myself should try the high streams, the play of salt waves. The desire of my mind, every moment, spurs on my soul to go, that I far hence may seek a stranger land. For there is no man so high-hearted over earth, nor so good in gifts, nor so keen in youth, nor so brave in deeds, nor so loyal to his lord, that he may not have always sad yearning towards the sea-faring, for what the Lord will give him there. His heart is not for the harp, nor receiving of rings, nor delight of a wife, nor the joy of the world, nor about aught else but the rolling of the waves. And he ever hath longing who wisheth for the sea.

Trees take on their blossoms, the city groweth fair, the meadows are lovely, the world is astir ; all things admonish the ready heart

sefan to siðe, þam þe swa þenceð
on flodwegas feor gewitan ;
swylce geac monað geomran reorde,
singeð sumeres weard, sorge beodeð
bitter in breosthord. Þæt se beorn ne wat,
esteadig secg, hwæt þa sume dreogað,
þe þa wræclastas widost lecgað.
For þon nu min hyge hweorfeð ofer hreþerlocan,
min modsefa mid mereflode
ofer hwæles eþel, hweorfeð wide
ofer eorþan sceatas, cymeð eft to me
gifre and grædig, gielleð anfloga,
hweteð on hwælweg hreþer unwearnum
ofer holma gelagu. (Ll. 28-64.)

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT

8th century.

Ic þis giedd wrece bi me ful geomorre,
minre sylfre sið ; ic þæt secgan mæg,
hwæt ic yrmþa gebad, siþþan ic up weox,
niwes oþþe ealdes, no ma þonne nu :
a ic wite wonn minra wræcsiþa !
Ærest min hlaford gewat heonan of leodum

to courage for its journey, in what man soever planneth to go afar on the flood ways. So, too, the cuckoo moaneth with mournful voice, summer's warden singeth, bodeth sorrow, bitter in the breast hoard. The man safe at home knoweth not then what some endure who far abroad make tracks of exile.

So now my mind stirreth within my breast ; my soul amid the sea-flood, over the whale's home, roameth widely over the ends of earth, cometh back to me, ravening and greedy, screameth the lone-flier, not to be gainsaid, whetteth my heart upon the whale-way over the plains of ocean.

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT

Full wretched, I sing this song about myself, my own fate. I can say this : that of the miseries I have borne, newly or of old, since I grew up, none were greater than now ; ever I know sorrow through

ofer yþa gelac : hæfde ic uhtceare,
hwær min leodfruma londes wære.
Þa ic me feran gewat, folgað secan
wineleas wræcca for minre weaþearfe :
ongunnon þæt þæs monnes magas hycgan
þurh dyrne geþoht, þæt hy todælden unc,
þæt wit gewidost in woruldrice
lifdon laðlicost and mec longade.
. . . Ful oft wit beotedan,
þæt unc ne gedælde nemne deað ana
owiht elles : eft is þæt onhworfen,
is nu swa hit no wære
freondscipe uncer ! Sceal ic feor ge neah
mines fela leofan fæhðu dreogan.
Heht mec mon wunian on wuda bearwe
under actreo in þam eorðscræfe :
eald is þes eorðsele, eal ic eom oflongad ;
sindon dena dimme, duna uphea,
bitre burgtunas, brerum beweaxne,
wic wynna leas. Ful oft mec her wraþe begeat
fromsiþ frean. Frynd sind on eorþan
leofe lifgende, leger weardiað,
þonne ic on uhtan ana gonge

my exile ! First, my lord went forth from his land, over the swirl of the waves : then had I sorrow at dawn, for where in the land might my master be ? Then I went forth, a friendless exile, to seek service in my woeful need. The kinsmen of my lord had devised, with dark thought, how they might sunder us, so that we two, far apart in the world, lived most miserably, and weary the longing to me. . . . Full oft we two had vowed that except death alone, naught else should divide us : now that is all changed ; now is it as if our friendship had never been. Far and near must I endure much enmity on account of my beloved. They bade me dwell in the thicket of the wood, under an oak tree in the earth-cave. Old is this earth hall, I am all weary longing ; dim are the dells, high the hills, cruel the hedges, with briars over-grown, a joyless dwelling. Full oft the departure of my lord lieth bitterly upon me. Friends are in the land, dear living ones ; they lie on their beds when I, in

under actreo geond þas eorðscrafu !
þær ic sittan mot sumorlangne dæg,
þær ic wepan mæg mine wræcsiþas
earfoða fela . . . . . .
. . . . . Sy ful wide fah
feorres folclondes, þæt min freond siteð
under stanhliþe storme behrimed,
wine werigmod, wætre beflowen
on dreorsele ! Dreogeð se min wine
micle modceare : he gemon to oft
wynlicran wic. Wa bið þam þe sceal
of langoþe leofes abidan !

Riddles

8th century.

No. II

Hwylc is hæleþa þæs horsc and þæs hygecræftig
þæt þæt mæge asecgan, hwa mec on sið wræce,
þonne ic astige strong, stundum reþe
þrymful þunie, þragum wræce
fere geond foldan, folcsalo bærne
ræced reafige ? recas stigað

the dawning, go lonely under the oak tree in this earth cave. There I may sit the summer-long day, there I can weep my exile fate, my many sorrows . . . It may be, exiled afar, in the distant folk-land, that my friend sitteth, under the rocky cliffs, frozen with the storm, my beloved, weary-minded, flooded with water in that drear hall. My beloved endureth much sorrow of heart : he remembereth too often a happier dwelling. Woe is to him who, in yearning, must wait for his dear one.

RIDDLES

Which of the heroes is so wary and so wise that he can say who driveth me on my journey, when I rise up strong, sometimes fierce, mighty, I thunder, at times rush fearfully over the earth, burn the folk-hall, ravage the dwellings, the reek ariseth, ashen over the

haswe ofer hrofum, hlin bið on eorþan,
wælcwealm wera.[1] Þonne ic wudu hrere,
bearwas bledhwate, beamas fylle
holme gehrefed, heahum meahtum.
wrecan on waþe wide sended,
hæbbe me on hrycge, þæt ær hadas wreah
foldbuendra flæsc and gæstas
somod on sonde.[2] Saga, hwa mec þecce
oþþe hu ic hatte, þe þa hlæst bere!

No. III

Hwilum ic gewite, swa ne wenaþ men,
under yða geþræc eorþan secan,
garsecges grund: gifen bið gewreged
flod afysed,[3] fam gewealcen;
hwælmere hlimmeð, hlude grimmeð;
streamas staþu beatað, stundum weorpaþ
on stealc hleoþa stane and sonde,
ware and wæge, þonne ic winnende
holmmægne biþeaht hrusan styrge,
side sægrundas: sundhelme ne mæg

roofs? Clamour is on earth, men battling with death.[1] Then I shake the wood, the fruitful forest, fell the trees, overwhelmed with water, with mighty powers sent far and wide to press upon my way. I have upon my back what ere has covered forms of men, flesh and spirits of earth-dwellers together upon the shore.[2] Say who hideth me, or what I am called who bear these burdens?

(*Answer:* A Storm on land.)

Sometimes I withdraw, when men ween it not, under the crowding of the waves, to seek the earth, the ground of ocean: the sea is stirred, the flood troubled, the foam tossed; the whale-mere roareth, loudly rageth; the waters beat the shore, at times dash upon the steep cliffs with stone and sand, sea-weed and wave, then I, fighting, covered with sea-might, stir the earth, the vast sea-ground: I can-

[1] Lit., "death in battle of men."
[2] Probably an allusion to the Flood.
[3] This half line is supplied by Grein, the earliest German editor of the text, the MS. being defective here.

losian, ær mec læte, se þe min latteow bið
on siþa gehwam. Saga, þoncol mon,
hwa mec bregde of brimes fæþmum,
þonne streamas eft stille weorþað,
yþa geþwære, þe mec ær wrugon !

No. VI

Ic eom anhaga iserne wund,
bille gebennad, beadoweorca sæd,
ecgum werig. Oft ic wig seo,
frecne feohtan, frofre ne wene,
þæt me geoc cyme guðgewinnes,
ær ic mid ældum eal forwurde,
ac mec hnossiað homera lafe
heardecg heoroscearp, hondweorc smiþa,
bitað in burgum : ic a bidan sceal
laþran gemotes. Næfre læcecynn
on folcstede findan meahte,
þara þe mid wyrtum wunde gehælde,
ac me ecga dolg eacen weorðað
þurh deaðslege dagum and nihtum.

not loose me from the sea-covering, ere he let me, he who is my leader on every journey. Say, O thoughtful man, who draweth me from the breast of ocean when the waters again become still, the waves gentle, which veiled me before.

(*Answer :* A Storm on sea).

I am a lonely one, wounded with the iron, hurt with the battle-axe, sick of war-works, weary of swords. Oft I see war, the fierce fighting; I look not for comfort, that succour may come to me in the battle, ere I have perished utterly with my leaders ; but the " hammers' forging," keen-edged, sword sharp, the handwork of smiths, striketh at me, biteth me in the citadels. I ever must await a more evil conflict. Never leech-kin in folk-dwelling could I find, who might heal the wound with herbs, but the cuts from the swords grew larger, through the death strokes by day and by night.

(*Answer :* A Shield.)

RIDDLES

No. VIII

Hrægl min swigað, þonne ic hrusan trede
oþþe þa wic buge oþþe wado drefe.
Hwilum mec ahebbað ofer hæleþa byht
hyrste mine and þeos hea lyft
and mec þonne wide wolcna strengu
ofer folc byreð : frætwe mine
swogað hlude and swinsiað
torhte singað, þonne ic getenge ne beom
flode and foldan ferende gæst.

No. XXX

Ic wiht geseah wundorlice
hornum bitweonum huþe lædan,
lyftfæt leohtlic listum gegierwed,
huþe to þam ham of þam heresiþe,
wolde hyre on þære byrig bur atimbran,
searwum asettan, gif hit swa meahte.
Þa cwom wundorlicu wiht ofer wealles hrof,
seo is eallum cuð eorðbuendum,
ahredde þa þa huþe and to ham bedraf
wreccan ofer willan, gewat hyre west þonan

My raiment is still when I tread the earth, or rest in the dwelling, or drive the water. Sometimes my trappings and this high air upraise me over the houses of men, and then the strength of the clouds beareth me far and wide over the folk. My garments rustle loudly, and sound sweetly, sing beautifully, when I am not touching flood and field, a faring spirit.

(*Answer :* A Swan.)

I saw a creature wondrously bearing booty between its horns A bright air-vessel, beautifully adorned, bearing booty home from the war-path, it would build a bower for itself in the citadel,[1] skilfully set it up, if so it might. Then came a wondrous creature over the "roof of the wall,"[2] it is known to all earth-dwellers ; snatched then the spoil away, and drove home the wanderer against her will ; thence departed west, going vengefully, hastened forward :

[1] Lit. "burg," i.e., citadel of the heavens. [2] The horizon.

fæhþum feran, forð onette :
dust stonc to heofenum, deaw feol on eorþan,
niht forð gewat. Nænig siþþan
wera gewiste þære wihte sið.

Cynewulf

JULIANA

Fl. 8th century.

Cynewulf's Lament for his Sins

Is me þearf micel,
þæt seo halge me helpe gefremme,
þonne me gedælað deorast ealra,
sibbe toslitað sinhiwan tu,
micle modlufan, min sceal of lice
sawul on siðfæt, nat ic sylfa hwider,
eardes uncyðþu : of sceal ic þissum,
secan oþerne ærgewyrhtum,
gongan iudædum ; geomor hweorfeð
C Y and N cyning biþ reþe
sigora syllend, þonne synnum fah
E, W and U acle bidað,
hwæt him æfter dædum deman wille

Dust arose to heaven, dew fell on earth, night came forth. None of men knew afterwards the path of that creature.

(*Answer :* The Moon and the Sun.)

CYNEWULF'S LAMENT

Great will be my need that the holy one [1] should give me help, when the dearest of all are divided from me, when the two wedded ones[2] rend asunder their kinship, their mighty heart-love, and my soul shall go forth from the body on that journey, I know not whither, to the unknown land : from this world must I seek another, with my former works, I must go with my ancient deeds. Sad shall turn hence. C. Y. and N. ; the King shall be wroth, the Giver of Victory, when stained with sins, E.W. and U. shall abide, with trembling, what He will doom to them, after their deeds, as life's reward. L. F.

[1] Saint Juliana. [2] Body and Soul.

lifes to leane ; L F beofað,
seomað sorgcearig, sar eal gemon,
synna wunde, þe ic siþ oþþe ær
geworhte in worulde . . .
. . . . bidde ic monna gehwone
gumena cynnes, þe þis gied wræce,
þæt he mec neodful bi noman minum
gemyne modig and meotud bidde,
þæt me heofona helm helpe gefremme.
meahte waldend on þam miclan dæge.

(Ll. 695-723.)

GUTHLAC [1]

The Death of St. Guthlac

(*He addresses his faithful servant.*)

"Leofast monna ! Nu ic for lufan þinre
and geferscype, þat wit fyrn mid unc
longe læstan, nelle ic lætan þe
æfre unrotne æfter ealdorlege
meðne modseocne minre geweorðan
soden sorgwælmum : a ic sibbe wiþ þe
healdan wille. Nu of hreðerlocan
to þam soþan gefean sawel fundað :
nis seo tid latu, tydrað þis banfæt,

shall quake, and anxiously wait. All the grievousness I shall remember, the wounds of sin, which late or early I have wrought in the world. . . . I pray each man of human kind who may sing this song,[2] that he earnestly and fervently remember me by my name, and pray the Creator that the Guardian of Heaven may give me help, the Lord of Might, in that great day.

THE DEATH OF ST. GUTHLAC

"O dearest of men ! Now for love of thee, and for the fellowship that we two of old have long borne to each other, I will not let thee be ever cheerless, out-wearied, sick at heart, troubled with welling sorrows : but always I will keep friendship with thee. Now is my soul yearning towards the true bliss : time doth not linger ; this body,[3] this earth-hoard mourneth ; the spirit hasteneth to the

[1] Cynewulf's authorship of the latter half of this poem is fairly proved.
[2] Recite this poem. [3] Lit., bone-vessel.

greothord gnornað, gæst hine fyseð
on ecne geard utsiþes georn
on sellan gesetu ; ic swiðe eom
weorce gewergad." Þa to þam wage gesag,
heafelan onhylde, hyrde þa gena
ellen on innan, oroð stundum teah
mægne modig : him of muðe cwom
swecca swetast, swylce on sumeres tid
stincað on stowum staþelum fæste
wynnum æfter wongum wyrta geblowene
honigflowende : swa þæs halgan wæs
ondlonge dæg oþ æfen forð
oroð uphlæden. Þa se æþela glæm
setlgong sohte, swearc norðrodor
won under wolcnum, woruld miste oferteah,
þystrum biþeahte, þrong niht ofer tiht
londes frætwa, ða cwom leohta mæst
halig of heofonum hædre scinan
beorhte ofer burgsalu. Bad se þe sceolde
eadig on elne endedogor
awrecen wælstrælum. Wuldres scima

eternal home, eager for its journey hence to a better place. Now am I much wearied with suffering." Then he leaned back against[1] the wall and bowed his head, yet he kept up his strength within; at times, powerful with vigour, he drew his breath ; there came from his mouth the sweetest of fragrance, such as in summer's tide plants flowing with honey, blossoming joyfully, over the meadows, fast-rooted, give forth from their places. So all day long until the evening he drew in his breath. Then the noble gleam[2] sought its setting, dark grew the northern sky, dusk beneath the clouds, the world was veiled in mist, covered with gloom, night hastened on over the life of the land.[3] Then came the greatest of lights, holy from the heavens, clearly shining, bright over the houses. He, as he must, awaited, his end-day happy in courage, pierced with death-arrows. A ray of glory, noble around the noble one, shone

[1] Lit., sank to the wall.
[2] The sun.
[3] Lit., the motion of the adornments of the land.

æþele ymb æþelne andlongne niht
scan scirwered, scadu sweþredon
tolysed under lyfte. Wæs se leohta glæm
ymb þæt halge hus heofonlic condel
from æfenglome oþþæt eastan cwom
ofer deop gelad dægredwoma
wedertacen wearm. Aras se wuldormago
eadig elnes gemyndig, spræc to his onbehtþegne
torht to his treowum gesiþe: "Tid is, þæt þu fere
and þa ærendu eal biþence
ofestum læde, swa ic þe ær bibead,
lac to leofre. Nu of lice is
goddreama georn gæst swiðe fus."
Ahof þa his honda husle gereorded
eaðmod þa æþelan gyfle, swylce he his eagan ontynde,
halge heafdes gimmas, biseah þa to heofona rice
glædmod to geofona leanum and þa his gæst onsende
weorcum wlitigne in wuldres dream.

(Ll. 1231–1278.)

with brightness the livelong night; the shadows lessened, faded in the sky. The shining gleam, the heavenly light, was around the holy house, from even-gloaming until from the east came the rustle of dawn, the warm weather-sign, over the deep. That son of glory arose, happy, mindful of strength, the famous one spake to his servant, his faithful follower: "It is time that thou go and remember the errand; take with speed, as I bade thee before, the message to the dear one.[1] Now my soul from the body is hastening fast, yearning for the joy of God." Then he raised his hands, lowly minded, refreshed with the Housel,[2] the noble food, he opened also his eyes, holy gems of the head, looked then, glad-minded, to the realm of heaven, for the gift of grace, and then sent his soul, fair with good deeds, to the joy of glory.

[1] His sister, alluded to earlier in the poem.
[2] Eucharist.

CHRIST

The Sea of the World

Nu is þon gelicost, swa we on laguflode
ofer cald wæter ceolum liðan,
geond sidne sæ sundhengestum
flodwudu fergen : is þæt frecne stream,
yða ofermæta, þe we her on lacað
geond þas wacan woruld, windge holmas ;
ofer deop gelad wæs se drohtað strong,
ær þon we to londe geliden hæfdon
ofer hreone hrycg : þa us help bicwom,
þæt us to hælo hyþe gelædde
godes gæstsunu and us giefe sealde,
þæt we oncnawan magun ofer ceoles bord,
hwær we sælan sceolon sundhengestas,
ealde yðmearas ancrum fæste.
Utan us to þære hyðe hyht staþelian,
þa us gerymde rodera waldend
halge on heahþu, þa he heofonum astag.
(Ll. 851–867.)

THE SEA OF THE WORLD

Now is it likest as if, on the ocean flood, over the cold water, we sail with keels; through the wide sea, with ocean-steeds, we drive the flood-wood. That is a perilous stream of illimitable waves, windy waters, on which we are tossing here. Over the deep way the life was hard, ere we had sailed to land, over the rough billows. Then to us came help, God's Spirit-Son led us to the haven of salvation and gave us grace, that we may know, aboard the keel, where we must bind the ocean-steeds, the old wave-horses, with anchors fast. Let us fix our hope upon that haven which the Ruler of the skies, holy in the height, opened out for us when he rose into the heavens.

A Hymn

Halig eart þu halig, heahengla brego,
soð sigores frea! Simle þu bist halig,
dryhtna dryhten! a þin dom wunað
eorðlic mid ældum in ælce tid
wide geweorþad: þu eart weoroda god!
forþon þu gefyldest foldan and rodoras,
wigendra hleo, wuldres þines,
helm alwihta! Sie þe in heannessum
ece hælo and in eorþan lof
beorht mid beornum! þu gebletsad leofa,
þe in dryhtnes noman dugeþum cwome
heanum to hroþre! þe in heahþum sie
a butan ende ece herenis!

(Ll. 403–415.)

The Burning of the Earth at the Day of Judgment.

Grornað gesargad
eal middangeard on þa mæran tid.
Swa se gifra gæst grundas geondseceð,
hiþende leg heahgetimbro;
fylleð on foldwong fyres egsan

A HYMN

Holy art thou, holy, Prince of Archangels, true King of Victory! Always Thou art holy, O Lord of Lords! Thy dominion ever dwelleth on earth amid men, in every time, honoured far and wide. Thou art God of Hosts! therefore Thou hast filled the earth and the skies with thy glory, Shelter of warriors, Crown of all creatures! To Thee in the highest be eternal salvation, and praise on the earth glorious amid men. Live, Thou Blessed One, who hast come unto men in the name of the Lord, for comfort to the downcast. To Thee be on high, ever without end, eternal praise.

THE BURNING OF THE EARTH

All earth mourneth, troubled, in that far-famed time. Then the greedy visitant shall search throughout the land, the ravaging flame shall fell to earth the high-timbered places, with the terror of fire, the widely famed blast, hot, fiercely greedy, shall bring

widmære blæst woruld mid ealle
hat heorogifre. Hreosað geneahhe
tobrocene burgweallas ; beorgas gemeltað
and heahcleofu, þa wið holme ær
fæste wið flodum foldan scehdun
stið and stæðfæst staþelas wið wæge,
wætre windendum. Þonne wihta gehwylce
deora and fugla deaðleg nimeð :
færeð æfter foldan fyrswearta leg.
weallende wiga, swa ær wæter fleowan,
flodas afysed. Þonne on fyrbaðe
swelað sæfiscas sundes getwæfde :
wægdeora gehwylc werig swelteð ;
byrneþ wæter swa weax. Þaer bið wundra ma
þonne hit ænig on mode mæge aþencan,
hu þæt gestun and se storm and seo stronge lyft
brecað brade gesceaft ! (Ll. 971–992.)

ELENE

The Battle Between Constantine and the Huns

Heht þa on uhtan mid ærdæge
wigend wreccan and wæpenþræce,
hebban heorucumbul and þæt halige treo

down the world with all. The city walls, shattered, shall everywhere fall, the mountains shall melt and the high cliffs, that erewhile had sundered earth from ocean, from against the flood, fixed and steadfast, a strong stay against the wave, the rolling water. Then the death flame shall take every creature, beasts and birds : the great flame marcheth through the world, a scourging warrior, where before was water flowing, the rushing floods, there in the fire-bath the sea-fishes are burning, cut off from swimming ; all the wave-beasts, weary, shall die ; the water burneth like wax. Greater wonders shall be than mind can think, when the stun and the storm and the strong wind shall break the broad creation.

THE BATTLE

Then in the dawn, with the daybreak, he [1] bade wake the warriors and the strength of weapons, raise the war-standard and carry

[1] Constantine, who had had a cross made for an ensign.

him beforan ferian on feonda gemang,
beran beacen godes. Byman sungon
hlude for hergum : hrefn weorces gefeah,
urigfeðra earn sið beheold ;
wælhreowra wig ; wulf sang ahof,
holtes gehleða. Hildegesa stod :
þær wæs borda gebrec and beorna geþrec
heard handgeswing and herga gring,
syððan beo earhfære ærest metton.
On þæt fæge folc flana scuras,
garas ofer geolorand on gramra gemang
hetend heorugrimme, hildenædran
þurh fingra geweald forð onsendan.
Stopon stiðhidige, stundum wræcon,
bræcon bordhreðan, bil indufan,
þrungon þræchearde. Þa wæs þuf hafen,
segn for sweotum, sigeleoð galen :
gylden grima, garas lixtan
on herefelda ; hæðene grungon,
feollon friðelease ; flugon instæpes,
Huna leode, swa þæt halige treo
aræran heht Romwara cyning

before them the holy Tree into the throng of foes, bear God's standard. The trumpets sang, loud before the armies : the raven rejoiced in the work, the dewy-feathered eagle beheld the war-path, the strife of the slaughter-fierce ; the wolf raised a song, the haunter of the wood. War-terror went forth : there was shattering of shields, and crowding of men, the hard hand-swing and the falling of hosts, when they first met the path of the arrows. Upon the fated folk, the throng of fierce foes, the deadly-grim enemy sent forth, with strength of fingers, showers of darts; spears, over the yellow shield, adders of battle. The strong-hearted stepped forth, eagerly hastened, broke the shields, dug in the bill, the firm-in-war pressed on. Then was the standard raised, a sign before the troops, a lay of victory sung : the golden helmet, the spears shone on the battle-field ; the heathen sank, they fell bereaved of peace ; the nation of Huns fled at once, when the King of the Romans, the maker of

heaðofremmende. Wurdon heardingas
wide towrecene ! Sume wig fornam,
sume unsofte aldor generedon
on þam heresiðe, sume healfcwice
flugon on fæsten and feore burgon
æfter stanclifum, stede weardedon
ymb Danubie, sume drenc fornam
on lagostreame lifes æt ende,
Þa wæs modigra mægen on luste,
ehton elþeoda oð þæt æfen forð
fram dæges orde : daroðæsc flugon
hildenædran. Heap wæs gescyrded,
laðra lindwered : lythwon becwom
Huna herges ham eft þanon.
Þa wæs gesyne, þæt sige forgeaf
Constantino cyning ælmihtig
æt þam dægweorce, domweorðunga
rice under roderum þurh his rode treo. (Ll. 105–147.)

Cynewulf's Account of his Life

Þus ic frod and fus þurh þæt fæcne hus
wordcræft wæf and wundrum læs,

war, bade raise the holy Rood. The heroes were widely scattered : some war took off, some on the battle path hardly saved their life, some, half-alive, fled into fastness and sheltered them among the rocky cliffs, they haunted the region of the Danube ; some drowning took away, in the stream, at the end of their life. Then was the troop of the mighty joyful, they followed the strangers from point of day forth until evening. The ashen darts flew, the adders of battle. The host was destroyed, the shield-armoured band of the foe : few of the force of the Huns came home again thence. Then was it clear the King Almighty had given victory to Constantine in that day's work, glorious honour, rule under the skies, through his Rood.

CYNEWULF'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE

Thus old and ready for death, in this poor house I wove wordcraft

þragum þreodude and geþanc reodode
nihtes nearwe. Nysse ic gearwe
he ðære riht . . ., ær me rumran geþeaht
þurh þa mæran miht on modes þeaht
wisdom onwreah. Ic wæs weorcum fah,
synnum asæled, sorgum gewæled,
bitrum gebunden, bisgum beþrungen,
ær me lare onlag þurh leohtne had
gamelum to geoce, gife unscynde
mægencyning amæt and on gemynd begeat,
torht ontynde, tidum gerymde,
bancofan onband breostlocan onwand,
leoðucræft onleac, þæs ic lustum breac,
willum in worlde. Ic þæs wuldres treowes
oft næles æne hæfde ingemynd,
ær ic þæt wundor onwrigen hæfde
ymb þone beorhtan beam, swa ic on bocum fand
wyrda gangum, on gewritum cyðan
be þam sigebeacne. A wæs sæcc oð ðæt,
cnyssed cearwelmum, ᚦ drusende,
þeah he in medohealle maðmas þege,

and wondrously arranged it, pondered at times, and sifted thought narrowly at night. I knew not well concerning the truth . . . until wisdom unveiled, through glorious might, a wider knowledge to the thought of my mind. I was stained with ill doing, fettered with sins, afflicted with sorrows, bitterly bound, beset with cares, till for help to the aged, the mighty King granted me lore, through the bright cross,[1] bestowed a pure gift and flooded my mind with it, revealed to me beauty, at seasons enlarged me, unbound my body,[2] unloosened my breast,[3] unlocked my song-craft, which I joyfully used, with a will, in the world. Often, not once, I had had in my mind the Tree of glory, ere I had revealed that wonder about the bright Rood, as I found it in books in the order of things made known in writings about the Ensign of victory. Ever until then was strife within crushed; with care-waves, the *Keen* (C) one failing, though

[1] Lit., through the bright form.
[2] Lit., bone-coffer. [3] Lit., breast-locker.

æplede gold. ᚻ gnornode,
ᚷ gefera nearusorge dreah,
enge rune, þær him ᛗ fore
milpæðas mæt, modig þrægde
wirum gewlenced. ᚹ is geswiðrad
gomen æfter gearum, geogoð is gecyrred
ald onmedla. ᚾ was geara
geogoðhadas glæm : nu synt geardagas
æfter fyrstmearce forð gewitene,
lifwynne geliden, swa ᛚ toglideð,
flodas gefysde. ᛜ æghwam lið
læne under lyfte ; landes frætwe
gewitaþ under wolcnum winde gelicost,
þonne he for hæleþum hlud astigeð,
wæðeð be wolcnum, wedende færeð
and eft semninga swige gewyrðeð
in nedcleofan nearwe geheaðrod
þream forþrycced. Swa þeos world eall gewiteð.

(Ll. 1236–1276.)

he still should receive gifts in the mead-hall, appled-gold.[1] He mourned the *evil* (Y) comrade of *Need* (N), he suffered affliction, a straitening secret. There, before him, the *Horse* (E) measured the mile-paths, proudly ran, bedecked with ornaments. Joy (W) is lessened, sportfulness, with years ; youth has gone, the olden pride. Ours (U) was of yore the gleam of youth, now are the days of old passed forth, in the time appointed, life-joy hath sailed hence, as Water (L) glideth away, the hurrying flood under the sky ; Wealth (*F*) is fleeting, for the fair things of earth depart beneath the clouds most like to the wind, when before men it ariseth loud, hunteth amid the clouds, goeth raging, and straightway becometh silent again, is narrowly pressed, with force held down.

[1] Apples of gold, or apple-shaped gold.

ANDREAS [1]

The Voyage of St. Andrew

Gewat him þa on uhtan mid ærdæge
ofer sandhleoðu to sæs faruðe
þriste on geþance and his þegnas mid
gangan on greote; garsecg hlynede,
beoton brimstreamas: se beorn wæs on hyhte
syðþan he on waruðe widfæðme scip
modig gemette. Þa com morgen torht,
beacna beorhtost ofer breomo sneowan,
halig of heolstre heofoncandel blac
ofer lagoflodas. He þær lidweardas
þrymlice þry þegnas geseah
modiglice menn on merebate
sittan siðfrome, swylce hie ofer sæ comon;
þæt wæs drihten sylf, dugeða wealdend.
ece ælmihtig mid his englum twam.
Wæron hie on gescirplan scipferendum,
eorlas onlice ealiðendum,
þonne hie on flodes fæðm ofer feorne weg,
on cald wæter ceolum lacað.
Hie ða gegrette se ðe on greote stod,
fus on faroðe frægn, reordade:

THE VOYAGE

Then he went in the dawn at daybreak over the sandhills to the sea-shore, firm of purpose, and his thanes with him, going on the shingle. The ocean roared, the sea-streams were crashing, the hero was hopeful, courageous, when he found on the strand a wide-bosomed ship. Then came the shining morn, the brightest of beacons speeding over the waves, holy from its hiding-place. The heaven-candle shone over the water-floods. There he saw three thanes, glorious ship-masters; mighty men in the sea-boat sitting ready to go as if they had come over sea. That was the Lord himself, the Ruler of nobles, the Eternal Almighty with his two angels. In raiment they were as sea-farers, men like sailors, when they ply their keels on the bosom of the flood, over the far way, on the cold water. Then he who stood on the sand, ready on the shore, greeted them, asked and

[1] Cynewulf's authorship of this poem is doubtful.

"Hwanon comon ge ceolum liðan,
macræftige[1] menn, on mereþissan
ane ægflotan? hwanon eagorstream
ofer yða gewealc eowic brohte?"
Him ða andswarode ælmihti god,
swa þæt ne wiste se ðe þæs wordes bad,
hwæt se manna wæs meðelhegendra,
þe he þær on waroðe wiðþingode:
"We of Marmedonia mægðe syndon
feorran geferede; us mid flode bær
on hranrade heahstefn naca,
snellic sæmearh snude bewunden,
oð þæt we þissa leoda land gesohton
wære bewrecene, swa us wind fordraf."
Him þa Andreas eaðmod oncwæð:
"Wolde ic þe biddan, þeh ic þe beaga lyt,
sincweorðunga syllan meahte,
þæt ðu us gebrohte brante ceole,
hea hornscipe ofer hwæles eðel
on þære mægðe! bið ðe meorð wið god
þæt ðu us on lade liðe weorðe."

said: "Whence have ye come sailing your keels, ye men of sea craft,[1] lonely wave-floaters, in your ships? Whence hath the ocean-stream brought you over the tossing of waves?" Then Almighty God answered him, in such wise that he who awaited the word might not know what Man of men it was with whom he spake there on the shore. "We have come from afar, from the land of Marmedonia; the high-stemmed ship, the swift sea-horse, clothed in speed, hath borne us on the whale-road, until we have come upon the land of this people, lashed by the sea, as the wind hath driven us." Then Andrew humbly answered him: "I would pray thee, though I should be able to give thee few rings, costly gifts, that thou wouldst bring us in thy steep keel, thy high-towered ship, over the whale's home into that country; payment from God shall be thine if thou wilt be kind to us on the way." The Lord of Ethelings, the

[1] This word is uncertain; it is taken to mean "expert in seamanship."

Eft him andswarode æðelinga helm
Of yðlide, engla scippend:
"Ne magon þær gewunian widferende
ne þær elþeodige eardes brucað,
ah in þære ceastre cwealm þrowiað
þa ðe feorran þyder feorh gelædaþ.
And þu wilnast nu ofer widne mere,
þæt ðu on þa fægðe þine feore spilde?"
Him þa Andreas agef ondsware:
"Usic lust hweteð on þa leodmearce.
mycel modes hiht to þære mæran byrig,
þeoden leofesta, gif ðu us þine wilt
on merefaroðe miltse gecyðan."
Him ondswarode engla þeoden,
neregend fira of nacan stefne:
"We ðe estlice mid us willað
ferigan freolice ofer fisces bæð
efne to þam lande, þær þe lust myneð
to gesecanne, syððan ge eowre
gafulrædenne agifen habbað,
sceattas gescrifene, swa eow scipweardas,
aras ofer yðbord unnan willað."
Him þa ofstlice Andreas wið
wine þearfende wordum mælde:

creator of angels, answered him back from the wave-goer: "Travellers may not dwell there, nor may strangers have joy in the land, but they who from afar bring their life hither, suffer torment in that city; and now thou dost wish to lose thy life in that hostile place over the wide sea?" Then Andrew gave him answer: "Desire whetteth us to that country, a great hope of our mind, to the famous city, dearest Lord, if thou wilt show us favour on the sea-shore." The Prince of angels answered him, the Saviour of men, from the stem of the ship: "We will gladly take thee with us, freely, over the fishes' home, even to that land whither desire impelleth thee, after ye have given your payment, the money decreed, even as the ship-masters, the men over the wave-board will grant you." Then Andrew, needy man, quickly spake words to him: "I

" Næbbe ic fæted gold ne feohgestreon,
welan ne wiste ne wira gespann,
landes ne locenra beaga, þæt ic þe mæge lust ahwettan,
willan in worulde, swa ðu worde becwist."
Him þa beorna breogo, þær he on bolcan sæt,
ofer waroða geweorp wiðþingode :
" Hu gewearð þe þæs, wine leofosta,
ðæt ðu sæbeorgas secan woldes,
merestreama gemet, maðmum bedæled
ofer cald cleofu ceoles neosan ?
nafast þe to frofre on faroðstræte
hlafes wiste ne hlutterne
drync to dugoðe ? is se drohtað strang
þam þe lagolade lange cunnaþ."
Þa him Andreas ðurh ondsware
wis on gewitte wordhord onleac :
" Ne gedafenað þe, nu þe dryhten geaf
welan and wiste and woruldspede,
ðæt ðu ondsware mid oferhygdum
sece sarcwide. Selre bið æghwam
þæt he eaðmedum ellorfusne
oncnawe enðlice, swa þæt Crist bebead,

have no beaten gold, nor treasure, wealth nor abundance, nor buckles of wire, land nor clasping rings, that I may whet thy desire, thy will in the world, as thou sayest with thy word." Then the Prince of men spake to him, from where he stood on the gangway, over the rolling of the sea, " How doth it befall thee, dearest friend, that thou wouldest seek the sea-hills, the limit[1] of the sea-streams, over the cold cliffs devoid of treasure, wouldest look for a ship ? Thou hast not for thy comfort on the water-way provision of bread, nor clear drink for thy welfare? The way of life is hard for him who trieth the sea-road for long." Then Andrew, in answer, wise in wit, unlocked his word-hoard : " Now it becometh thee not, to whom the Lord hath given wealth and abundance and worldly good, that thou shouldest seek for an answer in contempt and reproach. Better is it for every one that he meet openly, with goodwill, the man setting out, even as Christ bade, the glorious Prince. We are his thanes,

[1] Lit., measurement.

þeoden þrymfæst. We his þegnas synd
gecoren to cempum : he is cyning on riht
wealdend and wyrhta wuldorþrymmes,
an ece god eallra gesceafta,
swa he ealle befehð anes cræfte,
hefon and eorðan halgum mihtum
sigora selost. He ðæt sylfa cwæð
fæder folca gehwæs, and us feran het
geond ginne grund gasta streonan :
' Farað nu geond ealle eorðan sceattas
emne swa wide swa wæter bebugeð
oððe stedewangas stræte gelicgaþ.
Bodiað æfter burgum beorhtne geleafan
ofer foldan fæðm. Ic eow freoðo healde.
Ne ðurfan ge on þa fore frætwe lædan,
gold ne seolfor : ic eow goda gehwæs
on eowerne agenne dom est ahwette.'
Nu ðu seolfa miht sið userne
gehyran hygeþancol : ic sceal hraðe cunnan,
hwæt ðu us to duguðum gedon wille."
Him þa ondswarode æce dryhten :
" Gif ge syndon þegnas þæs þe þrym ahof
ofer middangeard, swa ge me secgaþ,
and ge geheoldon, þæt eow se halga bead,

chosen for battle : he is King in right, wielder and maker, of glorious might, one Eternal God of all creatures, even as he embraceth all heaven and earth by his might alone, with holy powers, noblest of triumphs. He himself, the Father of every folk, said that, and bade us go over the wide deep to win souls. ' Go now over all the regions of earth, even as far as the water encloseth, or the plains lie on the way. Preach through the cities, over earth's bosom, the glorious faith. I will hold peace with you. Nor need ye on that journey take treasure, gold nor silver : I will provide for you the abundance of every good thing, at your own choice.' Now thou thyself wise, mayest serve our journey : I must know quickly what thou wilt do for help to us." Then the Eternal Lord answered him : " If ye are the thanes of him who hath raised his glory over earth, as ye say to me, and ye hold that the Holy One commanded

þonne ic eow mid gefean ferian wille
ofer brimstreamas, swa ge benan sint."
Þa in ceol stigon collenfyrhðe,
ellenrofe : æghwylcum wearð
on merefaroðe mod geblissod.
Þa ofer yða geswing Andreas ongann
mereliðendum miltsa biddan
wuldres aldor and þus wordum cwæð :
" Forgife þe dryhten domweorðunga,
willan in worulde and in wuldre blæd
meotud mancynnes, swa ðu me hafast
on þyssum siðfæte sybbe gecyðed."
Gesæt him þa se halga holmwearde neah,
æðele be æðelum : æfre ic ne hyrde
þon cymlicor ceol gehladenne
heahgestreonum. Hæleð in sæton,
þeodnas þrymfulle, þegnas wlitige.
Þa reordode rice þeoden,
ece ælmihtig heht his engel gan
mærne magnþegn, and mete syllan,
frefran feasceaftne ofer flodes wylm
þæt hie þe eað mihton ofer yða geþring
drohtaþ adreogan. Þa gedrefed wearð

you, then with joy I will take you over the sea-streams as ye entreat." Then the brave-souled, the courageous one, stepped into the ship ; the mind of all on the sea-shore rejoiced. Then Andrew began, over the swaying of the waves, to beg the Lord of Glory for favour for the sailors, and thus said in words : " The Lord, the Maker of mankind, grant thee great honour, thy will in the world, and increase of glory, because thou hast shown friendship to me on this journey."

Then the saint sat himself near the Sea-warder, noble by the noble ; never have I heard of a comelier keel laden with high treasures. The men sat within it, glorious princes, brave thanes. Then spake the great Prince, Eternal Almighty, bade his angel, his glorious servant, go and give meat, comfort the poor men on the billows of the flood, so that they might more easily endure

onhrered hwælmere : hornfisc plegode,
glad geond garsecg and se græga mæw
wælgifre wand : wedercandel swearc,
windas weoxon, wægas grundon
streamas styredon, strengas gurron,
wædo gewætte, wæteregesa stod
þreata þryðum : þegnas wurdon
acolmode ; ænig ne wende
þæt he lifgende land begete,
þara þe mid Andreas on eagorstream
ceol gesohte : næs him cuð þa gyt,
hwa þam sæflotan sund wisode.

(Ll. 235–380.)

THE DREAM OF THE ROOD

8th century ?

Hwæt ! ic swefna cyst secgan wylle,
hwæt me gemætte to midre nihte,
syðþan reordberend reste wunedon.
Þuhte me þæt ic gesawe syllicre treow
on lyft lædan leohte bewunden,

their condition. Then was the whale-mere disturbed, aroused : the horn-fish sported, glided through the ocean, and the grey mew, slaughter-greedy, wheeled around : the storm-candle darkened, the winds waxed, the waves ground each other, the streams upstirred, the ropes creaked, wet with the water ; water-terror went forth with the might of troops : the thanes were fearful in mind, not one weened of all those who had sought the ship with Andrew on the ocean-stream that living he should reach the land. It was not yet known to them Who was guiding the swimming of the sea-floater.

THE DREAM OF THE ROOD

Lo ! I will tell the choicest of dreams ; what I dreamed in the middle of night, when men [1] abode in rest. It seemed to me that I saw a wondrous Tree moving aloft, bewound with light, brightest

[1] Lit., speech-bearers.

beama beorhtost : eall þæt beacen wæs
begoten mid golde ; gimmas stodon,
feowere æt foldan sceatum, swylce þær fife wæron
uppe on þam saxlegespanne. Beheoldon þær engel dryhtnes ealle
fægere þurh forðgesceaft : ne wæs ðær huru fracodes gealga,
ac hine þær beheoldon halige gastas,
men ofer moldan and eall þeos mære gesceaft.
Syllic wæs se sigebeam and ic synnum fah,
forwunded mid wommum. Geseah ic wuldres treow
wædum geweorðode wynnum scinan,
gegyred mid golde, gimmas hæfdon
bewrigene weorðlice wealdes treow :
hwæðre ic þurh þæt gold ongytan meahte
earmra ærgewin, þæt hit ærest ongan
swætan on þa swiðran healfe, Eall ic wæs mid sorgum gedrefed.
Forht ic wæs for þære fægran gesyhðe ; geseah ic þæt fuse beacen
wendan wædum and bleom : hwilum hit wæs mid wætan bestemed
beswyled mid swates gange, hwilum mid since gegyrwed.
Hwæðre ic þær licgende lange hwile

of beams : all that Beacon was covered with gold ; four gems stood at the ends of the cross,[1] there were also five up above on the shoulder-span. All the angels of the Lord beheld it, fair throughout the future ; that was not, indeed, the gallows of a criminal, but holy spirits there beheld it, men upon earth, and all this great creation. Wondrous was the Tree of victory, and I, stained with sins, sore wounded with evil, I saw the Tree of glory, clothed with fair adornments, shining gloriously, begirded with gold ; gems had covered beautifully the tree of the wood ; yet through the gold I could perceive the old agony of the sorrowful, that it first began to sweat (blood) on the right hand. I was all troubled with care. Fearful was I for the fair sight ; I saw the quick Beacon change in trappings and hue : sometimes it was bedewed with moisture, soiled with running of blood, sometimes adorned with treasure. Nevertheless,

[1] Lit., at the surface of earth.

beheold hreowcearig hælendes treow,
oð þæt ic gehyrde, þæt hit hleoðrode;
ongan þa word sprecan wudu selesta:
" Þæt wæs geara iu (ic þæt gyta geman),
þæt ic wæs aheawen holtes on ende, [feondas,
astyred of stefne minum. Genaman me þær strange
geworhton him þær to wæfersyne, heton me heora wergas
hebban; [asetton,
bæron me ðær beornas on eaxlum, oð ðæt hie me on beorg
gefæstnodon me þær feondas genoge. Geseah ic þa frean
mancynnes
efstan elne mycle þæt he me wolde on gestigan.
Þær ic þa ne dorste ofer dryhtnes word
bugan oððe berstan, þa ic bifian geseah
eorðan sceatas: ealle ic mihte
feondas gefyllan, hwæðre ic fæste stod.
Ongyrede hine þa geong hæleð (þæt wæs God Ælmihtig)
strang and stiðmod; gestah he on gealgan heanne
modig on manigra gesyhðe, þa he wolde mancyn lysan.
Bifode ic, þa me se beorn ymbclypte ne dorste ic hwæðre
bugan to eorðan,
feallan to foldan sceatum: ac ic sceolde fæste standan."
(Ll. 1–38.)

lying there, for a long while, I beheld, sorrowful, the Saviour's tree, until I heard that it uttered a sound. The noblest of trees began to speak these words: "It was in years of old (I remember it yet) that I was hewn down on the edge of a wood, removed from my stump. Strong foes there took me, made me a spectacle for them there, bade me uplift their felons; there men bore me on their shoulders, until they set me up on a hill. There many foes made me fast. Then I saw the Lord of mankind draw near with great courage that he might ascend me. There I durst not then, against the Lord's word, bow or break, when I saw the ends of the earth trembling. I might have felled all foes, yet I stood fast.

"Then the young hero begirt himself (that was God Almighty) strong and stern-minded; he ascended the high gallows, brave in the sight of many, when he would set mankind free. I quivered when the hero clasped me; yet I durst not bend to the ground, fall to earth's surface, but I had to stand fast."

THE PHŒNIX 8th century.

The Sinless Land

Hæbbe ic gefrugnen, þætte is feor heonan
eastdælum on æþelast londa
firum gefræge. Nis se foldan sceat
ofer middangeard mongum gefere
folcagendra, ac he afyrred is
þurh meotudes meaht manfremmendum
Wlitig is se wong eall wynnum geblissad
mid þam fægrestum foldan stencum ;
ænlic is þæt iglond, æþele se wyrhta,
modig meahtum spedig, se þa moldan gesette.
Þær bið oft open eadgum togeanes
onhliden hleoþra wyn, heofonrices duru.
þæt is wynsum wong, wealdas grene.
rume under roderum. Ne mæg þær ren ne snaw,
ne forstes fnæst ne fyres blæst,
ne hægles hryre ne hrimes dryre,
ne sunnan hætu ne sincaldu,
ne wearm weder ne winterscur
wihte gewyrdan, ac se wong seomaþ
eadig ond onsund : is þæt æþele lond
blostmum geblowen. Beorgas þær ne muntas

THE SINLESS LAND

I have heard tell that far hence in Eastern parts is the noblest of lands known to men. That region of earth is not open to many travellers of the world, but is far removed from evildoers by the might of the Lord. Lovely is the place, blissful with joys amid the fairest odours of the earth. Peerless is the island, noble the Maker, mighty and abounding in power, who founded the land. Oft is open there in sight of the blessed, the rapture of song, the doors of heaven unclosed. That is a winsome place, green wolds, wide-spreading under heaven. Nor there may rain nor snow, nor breath of frost, nor blast of fire, nor downfall of hail, nor falling of rime, nor heat of the sun, nor unceasing cold, nor warm weather, nor winter shower, injure anyone, but the place abideth happy and healthful. The noble land is blowing with blossoms. Steep hills nor mountains

steape ne stondaþ ; ne stanclifu
heah hlifiaþ, swa her mid us,
ne dene ne dalu ne dunscrafu,
hlæwas ne hlincas, ne þær hleonaþ oo
unsmeþes wiht : ac se æþela feld
wridaþ under wolcnum wynnum geblowen.
(Ll. 1–27.)

. . . . .

Nis þær on þam londe laðgeniðla,
ne wop ne wracu, weatacen nan,
yldu ne yrmðu ne se enga deaþ,
ne lifes lyre ne laþes cyme,
ne synn ne sacu, ne sarwracu,
ne wædle gewin ne welan onsyn,
ne sorg ne slæp ne swar leger,
ne wintergeweorp ne wedra gebregd.
hreoh under heofonum, ne se hearda forst
caldum cylegicelum cnyseð ænigne.
þær ne hægl ne hrim hreosaþ to foldan
ne windig wolcen, ne þær wæter fealleþ
lyfte gebysgad : ac þær lagustreamas

stand not there : nor stony cliffs tower up high, as here with us ; nor dales nor dells nor hill-gorges, nor mounds nor high banks, nor dwelleth there anything unsmooth ; but the noble plain thriveth beneath the clouds, blooming with delights.

. . . . .

Nor is there in that land hostile enmity, nor weeping nor vengeance, no sign of woe, old age nor misery, nor straitening death, nor the loss of life, nor the coming of evil, nor sin, nor strife, nor sore exile, nor the struggle of poverty, nor the want of weal, nor care, nor sleep, nor pressure of sickness, nor piercings of winter,[1] nor tossing of tempests, fierce under heaven, nor doth the sharp frost with cold icicles bear hard upon any one. Neither hail nor frost, there, descend on the earth, nor windy cloud, nor falleth there water driven by the wind ; but

[1] Lit., "Winter-cast," i.e. snowstorms (?).

wundrum wrætlice wyllan onspringað,
fægrum flodwylmum foldan leccaþ,
wæter wynsumu of þæs wuda midle.
(Ll. 50–65.)

THE GIFTS OF MEN

A 10th century (?) version of an early poem.

Ne bið ænig þæs earfoðsælig
Mon on moldan ne þæs medspedig
lytelhydig ne þæs læthydig,
þæt hine se argifa ealles biscyrge
modes cræfta oþþe mægendæda,
wis on gewitte oþþe on wordcwidum,
þy læs he ormod sy ealra þinga,
þara þe he geworhte in woruldlife,
geofona gehwylcre : næfre god demeð
þæt ænig eft þæs earm geweorðe.
(Ll. 8–17.)

* * * * *

Nis nu ofer eorþan ænig monna
mode þæs cræftig ne þæs mægeneacen
þæt hi æfre anum ealle weorþen
gegearwade, þy læs him gilp sceððe

there the streams, wondrous strange, from the midst of the wood spring up in wells, with fair bubblings, winsome waters moistening the earth.

THE GIFTS OF MEN

There is not any man on earth so unhappy nor so meanly gifted, so poor of mind nor so slow of mind, that the Giver of Grace would wholly deprive him of powers of soul or of strong deeds, to be withered in wit or in word-speech, lest he be disheartened with all things which he hath wrought in world-life, with every gift. God never decreeth that any one should become, then, so miserable. . . . (*Then follows a list of the endowments of men*).

* * * * *

There is not now any man upon earth so skilful of mind, nor so gifted with might, that ever he alone were endowed with all powers, lest arrogance should harm him, or his pride should arise for that

oþþe fore þære mærþe mod astige,
gif he hafaþ ana ofer ealle men
wlite and wisdom and weorca blæd :
ac he missenlice monna cynne
gielpes styreð and his giefe bryttað
sumum on cystum, sumum on cræftum,
sumum on wlite, sumum on wige,
sumum he syleð monna milde heortan
þeawfæstne geþoht, sum biþ þeodne hold.
Swa weorðlice wide tosaweð
dryhten his duguðe. (Ll. 97–111.)

THE MENOLOGIUM

10th century ?

The Month of May

. . . In burh raþe
smicere on gearwum . . .
wudum and wyrtum cymeð wlitig scriðan
þrymlice on tun, þearfe bringeð
Maius micle geond menigeo gehwær.
. . . yldum bringð
sigelbeorhte dagas sumor to tune,
wearme gewyderu : þænne wangas hraðe
blostmum blowað, swylce blis astihð

fame, if he alone hath beauty and wisdom, and the glory of deeds above all men ; but He diversely governeth the pride of mankind, and diversely dealeth out His gifts ; to one virtues, to another powers of mind, to one beauty, to another war, to another man giveth He a kind heart, a gentle mind. One is loyal to his Lord. So the Lord excellently scattereth his gifts.

THE MONTH OF MAY

Forthwith into the city, lovely in adornments, in woods and in herbs, May cometh gliding, beauteous, gloriously to town, bringeth good abundantly among the people everywhere . . . bringeth to men sunbright days and summer to town, warm weather. Then the fields quickly bloom with blossoms, ariseth also, over the

geond middangeard manigra hada
cwicera cynna, cyninge lof secgað
mænifealdlice.

(Ll. 75–94.)

THE MONTH OF JUNE.

. . . In þam gim astihð
on heofenas up hyhst on geare
tungla torhtast and of tille agrynt
to sete sigeð. Wyle syððan leng
grund behealdan and gangan lator
ofer foldan wang fægerust leohta
woruldgesceafta.

(Ll. 109–115.)

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

A.D. 937

Her Æþelstan cing, eorla drihten,
beorna beaggifa and his broþor eac,
Eadmund æþeling ealdorlangne tir
geslogan æt sake sweorda ecggum
embe Brunnanburh ; bordweall clufan
heowan heaðolinda hamora lafum

earth, the rapture of many kindreds of living things, there they give manifold praise to the King.

THE MONTH OF JUNE

In that month the gem ariseth highest in the year up into the heavens, brightest of stars, and from its place descendeth, sinketh to its seat. Afterwards it will longer remain with the world and go later over the fields of earth, fairest of lights, and of all earthly creatures.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

In this year King Æthelstan, lord of earls and ring-giver of men, together with his brother Edmund the Ætheling, won life-long fame with the edge of the sword in the strife near Brunanburh. They, the offspring of Edward, cleft the shield-wall, hewed the warlinden

eaforan Eadweardes ; swa him geæþele wæs
fram cneomagum, þæt hie æt campe oft
wiþ laðra gehwane land ealgodan,
hord and hamas. Hettend crungon
Scotta leode and scipflotan
fæge feollan : feld dennade
secga swate, siþþan sunne upp
on morgentid, mære tungol,
glad ofer grundas godes candel beorht,
eces drihtnes, oþ þæt seo æþele gesceaft
sah to setle. Þær læg secg manig
garum forgrunden, guman norðerne,
ofer scyld sceoten swylce Scyttisc eac
werig wigges sæd. Westsexe forð
andlangne dæg eoredcystum
on last legdon laðum þeodum,
heowan hereflyman hindan þearle
mecum mylenscearpum. Myrce ne wyrndon
heardes handplegan hæleþa nanum
þara ðe mid Anlafe ofer eargebland
on lides bosme land gesohtan
fæge to gefeohte. Fife lagon
on ðæm campstede ciningas geonge,

with the leavings-of-hammers (swords). From their forefathers it was born in them to guard their land, their hearths and homes against every foe. The enemy failed, the Scottish folk and the sailors fell doomed. The field was sodden with the sweat of men when the sun rose up in the morning tide and glided over the earth, that far-famed star, bright candle of God the eternal Lord, till the noble creature sank to its seat. There lay many a man pierced with spears, many a Northman shot over the shield ; also the Scotsman, weary, sated with war. Through the long day, with well-tried warriors, the West Saxons pressed forward on the track of the hateful folk ; they hewed direfully at the flank of the flyers with their mill-sharpened swords. The Mercians withheld not their hard handplay from any man of those who with Anlaf in the ship's bosom over the ocean had sought the land, doomed to fight. Five

sweordum aswefede swilce seofone eac
eorlas Anlafes, unrim herges,
flotan and Scotta. Þaer geflymed wearð
Norðmanna brego, nede gebæded
to lides stefne lytle weorode;
cread cnear on flot, cing ut gewat,
on fealone flod feorh generede.

(Ll. 1–36.)

THE BATTLE OF MALDON

A.D. 993.

"gehyre þu, sælida, hwæt þis folc segeð:
hi willað eow to gafole garas syllan,
ættrynne ord and ealde swurd,
þa heregeatu, þe eow æt hilde ne deah.
Brimmanna boda, abeod eft ongean,
sege þinum leodum miccle laþre spell,
þæt her stynt unforcuð eorl mid his werode,
þe wile gealgean eþel þysne,
Æþelredes eard, ealdres mines,

young kings lay dead there on the field of war, put to sleep with the sword. There were also seven of the earls of Anlaf. Innumerable was the army of sailors and Scotsmen. There the prince of the Northmen was forced to flight, driven of need hence to the stern of the ship, and with him a little band. They thrust the craft on the water, the king went forth on the fallow flood to save his life.

THE BATTLE OF MALDON

The Danes, having sent to Byrhtnoth the Alderman, an insolent demand for money to buy them off from attacking the land, the messenger receives the following reply from him:—

"Hear thou, O sea-farer, what this people say!
Spears for their tribute will they give to you,
The dart, tipped with venom, and the ancient sword of war.
Naught shall *that* battle-gear bring to you in warfare.
Herald of the Seamen, answer back again,
Tell to thy people tidings far more fearful,
That here an earl of honour standeth with his host,
Who resolveth to defend this fatherland of ours,
Kinsfolk and country, the realm of Æthelred—

folc and foldan : feallen sceolon
hæþene æt hilde. To heanlic me þinceð
þæt ge mid urum sceattum to scype gangon
unbefohtene, nu ge þus feor hider
on wine eard in becomon.
Ne sceole ge swa softe sinc gegangan :
us sceal ord and ecg ær geseman,
grim guðplega, ær we gofol syllon."

(Ll. 45–61.)

. . . þa wæs fohte neh,
tir æt getohte ; wæs seo tid cumen,
þæt þær fæge men feallen sceoldon.
Þær wearð hream ahafen, hremmas wundon,
earn æses georn : wæs on eorþan cyrm.
Hi leton þa of folman feolhearde speru,
gegrundene garas fleogan.
bogan wæron bysige, bord ord onfeng :
biter wæs se beaduræs, beornas feollon

Whom I own as lord. Low shall now the heathen
Sink to earth in warfare ! Too shameful, meseemeth,
That ye with our money should march away to sea
All unfought by us, now ye thus far hither,
Right to our own land, here within are come.
Nor shall ye all so easily treasure gather in :
Spear-point and sword-edge shall bring us first together,
Grim shall be the game of war, ere we give you tribute."

(*The battle begins.*)

. . . Then the fight was near,
Glory of the battle, and now the time was come
That the fated men should fall.
Then a cry was raised, round the ravens flew,
And the eagle, carrion-greedy ; a cry was on the earth,
They let fly, from their fingers, the file-sharpened javelin,
The spears well ground.
Busy were the bows, the shield-board caught the spear-point :
Bitter was the battle-rush, the heroes were falling,

on gehwæðere hand, hyssas lagon.

(Ll. 103–112.)

. . . . .

ne mihte þa on fotum leng fæste gestandan,
he to heofenum wlat, . . .
" Geþance þe, ðeoda waldend,
ealra þæra wynna, þe ic on worulde gebad.
Nu ic ah, milde metod, mæste þearfe,
þæt þu minum gaste godes geunne,
þæt min sawul to þe siðian mote,
on þin geweald, þeoden engla,
mid friþe ferian : ic eom frymdi to þe,
þæt hi helsceaðan hynan ne moton."
Þa hine heowon hæðene scealcas
and begen þa beornas, þe him big stodon.

(Ll. 171–182.)

. . . . .

Wiga wintrum geong, wordum mælde,
Ælfwine þa cwæð, he in ellen spræc :
" Gemunaþ þa mæla, þe we oft æt meodo spræcon,

The youths were lying dead, on this hand and on that.
(*Then Byrhtnoth the leader falls*)
Then firm on his feet no longer could he stand,
He looked up to heaven . . .
" To thee I offer thanks, O Ruler of the peoples,
For all of the delightfulness I have found in the world.
Now, O mild Creator, utmost need have I
Grace upon my spirit that thou wouldst give me here,
So my soul in safety may soar away to thee,
Into thine own keeping, O thou Prince of Angels,
Passing hence in peacefulness. Now I pray of thee
That the harming fiends of hell may not hurt my soul."

. . . . .

(*After the death of Byrhtnoth, the warriors encourage each other :*)
A warrior in winters young, in words made speech,
Then said Ælfwine, he in boldness spake :
" Remember now the words which at the mead we often spake,

þonne we on bence beot ahofon
hæleð on healle ymbe heard gewinn.
Nu mæg cunnian hwa cene sy."

(Ll. 210–215.)

. . . . .

Leofsunu gemælde and his linde ahof,
bord to gebeorge, he þam beorne oncwæð:
" Ic þæt gehate, þæt ic heonon nelle,
fleon fotes trym, ac wille furðor gan,
wrecan on gewinne minne winedrihten.
Ne þurfon me embe Sturmere stedefæste hælæð
wordum ætwitan, nu min wine gecranc,
þæt ic hlafordleas ham siðie,
wende fram wige: ac me sceal wæpen niman,
ord and iren."

(Ll. 244—253.)

Byrhtwold maþelode, bord hafenode:
Se wæs eald geneat: æsc acwehte,
he ful baldlice beornas lærde:

When we on the bench, our boasting uplifted,
Heroes in the hall, about the warfare hard,
Now it may be found who valiant will be."

. . . . .

Leofsunu spake, and his linden-wood uplifted,
His shield for a shelter, he answered then the hero:
" Here I vow indeed that hence I never will
Flee a foot's length, but will forward go,
Avenging in the battle my beloved lord.
Neither round the Stourmere need the steadfast heroes
Flout me in their words, now my friend has fallen,
That I from here lordless, homeward return,
Wending from the war: but me shall weapon slay,
Spear and iron sword" . . . (*Then the battle goes on until the little band of English becomes less and less*).
Byrhtwold made speech, raising up his shield,
That was an old comrade; he shook his ashen spear,
He, full boldly, urged on the heroes:

" Hige sceal þe heardra, heorte þe cenre,
mod sceal þe mare, þe ure mægen [1] lytlað.
Her lið ure ealdor eall forheawen,
god on greote, a mæg gnornian
se ðe nu fram þis wigplegan wendan þenceð,
Ic eom frod feores : fram ic ne wille,
ac ic me be healfe minum hlaforde,
be swa leofan men licgan þence." (Ll. 309–319.)

THE RHYMING POEM

10th century ?

Me lifes onlah, se þis leoht onwrah
And þæt torhte getah tillice onwrah.
Glæd wæs ic gliwum, glenged niwum
blissa bleoum, blostma hiwum.

. . . . .

þa wæs wæstmum aweaht woruld onspreht
under roderum areaht, radmægne oferþeaht.

. . . . .

searo hwit solaþ, sumur hat colað,
foldwela fealleð, feondscipe wealleð,
eorðmægen ealdaþ, ellen cealdað. (Ll. 1, 9, 67, etc.)

" The mind must be the firmer, the heart be the keener,
The mood must be the braver as our force lesseneth.
Here our lord lieth, all to pieces hewn,
Goodly on the ground ; ever may he mourn
Whoso now from this war-playing turneth away,
I am old in years : hence I never will,
But I, here, by the side of my well-beloved lord,
By so dear a man, mean in death to lie."

THE RHYMING POEM

He gave me life who this light unveiled, and the bright world nobly revealed. Glad was I with glee, newly adorned, with tints of joy, with hues of the blossom, . . . Then was the world awakened to growth, enlivened, outspread beneath the heavens, covered with life-power . . . The white array soileth, summer heat cooleth, world-weal falleth, enmity seetheth, earth-might ageth, courage groweth cold.

[1] Lit., main, might.

King Alfred

A.D. 849–901.

OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF GREGORY'S PASTORAL CARE

Part of Alfred's Preface

Þæt me com suiðe oft on gemynd, hwelce wiotan gio wæron geond Angelkynn, ægðer ge godcundra hada ge woruld-cundra; ond hu gesæliglica tida þa wæron geond Angelcynn; ond hu þa kyningas þe ðone anwald hæfdon ðæs folces Gode ond his ærendwrecum hirsumedon; ond hu hi ægðer ge hiora sibbe ge hiora sido ge hiora anwald innanbordes gehioldon, ond eac ut hiora oeðel rymdon; ond hu him ða speow ægðer ge mid wige ge mid wisdome; ond eac ða godcundan hadas hu georne hie wæron ægðer ge ymb lare ge ymb leornunga, ond ymb ealle þa ðeowutdomas þe hie Gode don sceoldon; ond hu mon utanbordes wisdom ond lare hider on lond sohte, ond hu we hi nu sceoldon ute begietan gif we hie habban sceoldon. Swa clæne hio wæs oðfeallenu on Angelkynne ðætte swiðe feawe wæron behionan Humbre þe hiora ðenunga cuðan understandan on Englisc, oððe

PART OF ALFRED'S PREFACE

It came very often to my mind what wise men of yore there were over England, both of the religious and secular orders, and what happy times there were over England; and how the kings who had rule obeyed God and his ministers, and how they kept their peace, their virtue and their order at home, and enlarged their possessions abroad; and how it sped well with them both in war and in wisdom; and also how eager were the religious orders both about learning and about teaching, and all the services they had to render to God; and how men from abroad sought wisdom and teaching hither in our land, and how we now must get them from abroad if we are to have them. So clean was it fallen away in England that very few there were on this side of the Humber who could understand their service-books in English, or even translate a letter from Latin

furðum an ærendgewrit of Lædene on Englisc areccan ; ond ic wene ðætte nauht monige begiondan Humbre næren. Swa feawe hiora wæron ðætte ic furðum anne anlepne ne mæg geðencean besuðan Temese ða ða ic to rice feng. Gode ælmihtegum sie ðonc ðætte we nu ænigne on stal habbað lareowa.

. . . . .

Þa ic ða gemunde hu sio lar Lædengeðeodesær ðissum afeallen wæs giond Angelcynn, ond ðeah monige cuðon Englisc gewrit arædan, ða ongan ic ongemang oðrum mislicum ond manigfealdum bisgum ðisses kynerices ða boc wendan on Englisc ðe is genemned on Læden Pastoralis, ond on Englisc Hierdeboc, hwilum word be worde, hwilum ondgit of andgite, swæ swæ ic hie geliornode æt Plegmunde minum ærcebiscepe ond æt Assere minum biscepe ond æt Grimbolde minum mæsseprioste and æt Johanne minum mæsseprioste. Siððan ic hie þa geliornod hæfde, swæ swæ ic hie forstod, ond swæ ic hie andgitfullicost areccean mihte, ic hie on Englisc awende ; ond to ælcum biscepstole on minum rice wille ane onsenden.

into English ; and I ween that there were not many beyond the Humber. So few there were that I cannot even think of a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. Thanks be to God Almighty that we now have any supply of teachers.

. . . . .

When I then remembered how the knowledge of the Latin tongue had fallen away throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, then I began amidst other diverse and manifold cares of this kingdom to turn into English the book which is called in Latin *Pastoralis*, and in English *Shepherd-book*, sometimes word for word, sometimes meaning for meaning, even as I had learned it from Plegmund my archbishop and from Asser my bishop, and from Grimbold my mass-priest and from John my mass-priest. After I had learned it, then so far as I understood it, and so far as I could most clearly interpret it, I turned it into English. And to each bishop's seat in my kingdom I will send one.

DIFFERENT MEN MUST BE TAUGHT IN DIFFERENT WAYS

Ne gedafenað hit no ðæt we ealle menn on ane wisan læren, forðam hie ne sint ealle anes modes ond anra ðeawa. Forðæm oft sio ilce lar ðe oðre [oðrum] hielpeð hio dereð ðæm oðrum ; swæ swæ monegra cynna wyrta ond grasu bioð gerad, sumu neat batiað fore, sumu cwelað ; swæ swæ mid liðre wistlunga mon hors gestilleð, swæ eac mid ðære ilcan wistlunga mon mæg hund astyrian.

Swæ bioð eac monige læcedomas þe sume adle gelytligeað, ond sume gestrongiað ; swæ eac hlaf þe strongra monna mægen gemiclað, he gelytlað cilda. For ðære ungelicnesse ðara hieremonna sculon bion ungelic ða word ðæs lareowes, ðæt he hiene selfne geðiode to eallum his hieremonnum, to æghwelcum be his andefene, ond ðeah hwæðre swæ swiðe swæ he of ðære æwe ond of ðære ryhtan lare ne cirre. Hwæt cweðe we ðonne hwelce sien þa ingeðoncas monna buton suelce sumre hearpan strengeas aðenede, þa se hearpere suiðe ungelice tihð and styreð, ond mid ðy gedeð ðæt hie noht ungelice ðæm sone ne singað þe he wilnað ?

DIFFERENT MEN MUST BE TAUGHT IN DIFFERENT WAYS

It is not fitting that we should teach all men in one way, because they are not all of one mind and of one behaviour. For often the same teaching which helpeth one hurteth another, even of such sort are herbs and grass of many kinds, on some beasts fatten, on some they die. Even as with soft whistling one quieteth a horse, so also with the same whistling one may rouse a hound.

There are also many leechdoms which lessen some diseases and strengthen others ; bread, also, which increaseth the might of strong men lesseneth that of children. Because of the difference of the hearers must the words of the teacher be different, so that he may fit himself to all his hearers, to each after his own measure, and yet not so as to swerve at all from the law and from right doctrine.

What may we say, then, are the inmost thoughts of men but as it were the strings of a harp tightly stretched, which the harper very diversely striketh and moveth, and thereby causeth that they make no sound different from that which he desireth ? He toucheth all

Ealle he gret mid anre honda, ðy þe he wile ðæt hie anne son singen, ðeah he hie ungelice styrige. Swæ sceal æghwelc lareow to anre lufan and to anum geleafan mid anre lare and mid mislicum manungum his hieremonna mod styrigean.

(*Chap. xxiii.*)

OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD BY OROSIUS

Ohthere's First Voyage

Ohthere sæde his hlaforde, Ælfrede cyninge, þæt he ealra Norðmonna norþmest bude. He cwæð þæt he bude on þæm lande norþweardum wiþ þa Westsæ. He sæde þeah þæt þæt land sie swiþe lang norþ þonan ; ac hit is eal weste, buton on feawum stowum styccemælum wiciað Finnas, on huntoðe on wintra ond on sumera on fiscaþe be þære sæ. He sæde þæt he æt sumum cirre wolde fandian hu longe þæt land norþryhte læge, oþþe hwæðer ænig mon be norðan þæm westenne bude. Þa for he norþryhte be þæm lande : let him ealne weg þæt weste land on ðæt steorbord, ond þa widsæ on ðæt bæcbord þrie dagas. Þa wæs he swa feor norþ swa þa hwælhuntan firrest faraþ. Þa for he þagiet norþryhte swa feor swa he meahte on þæm oþrum þrim

with one hand because he willeth that they should make one tone, though he may move them diversely. So must every teacher with one teaching, but with varied counsels, stir up the mind of his hearers to one love and one belief.

OHTHERE'S FIRST VOYAGE

Ohthere told his lord, King Alfred, that he of all men dwelt northmost. He said that he dwelt in the northward land by the West Sea. Furthermore he said that that land is very long thence northwards but it is all waste except here and there in a few places the Fins dwell, hunting in winter and fishing in summer by the sea. He said that he at one time would try how far that land lay to the due north, or whether any man dwelt to the north of the waste. Then he sailed due north along by the land : all the way he had the waste land on the starboard and the open sea on the larboard for three days. Then was he as far north as the whale-hunter goeth at the farthest. Then he still went due north as far as he would sail in

dagum gesiglan. Þa beag þæt land þær eastryhte, oþþe seo sæ in on ðæt lond, he nysse hwæðer, buton he wisse ðæt he ðær bad westanwindes ond hwon norþan, ond siglde ða east be lande swa swa he meahte on feower dagum gesiglan. Þa sceolde he þær bidan ryhtnorþanwindes, for þæm þæt land beag þær suþryhte, oþþe seo sæ in on ðæt land, he nysse hwæþer. Þa siglde he þonan suðryhte be lande swa swa he mehte on fif dagum gesiglan. Þa læg þær an micel ea up in on þæt land. Þa cirdon hie up in on þa ea, for ðæm hie ne dorston forþ bi þære ea siglan for unfriþe; for þæm ðæt lond wæs eall gebun on oþre healfe þære eas.

Ne mette he ær nan gebun land, siþþan he from his agnum ham for. Ac him wæs ealne weg weste land on þæt steorbord, butan fiscerum ond fugelerum, ond huntum, ond þæt wæron eall Finnas; ond him wæs a widsæ on ðæt bæcbord. Þa Beormas hæfdon swiþe wel gebud hira land; ac hie ne dorston þær on cuman. Ac þara Terfinna land wæs eal weste buton ðær hunton gewicodon, oþþe fisceras, oþþe fugeleras.

(*Bk. i. Chap. i.*)

other three days. Then bent the land there to the east, or the sea in on the land, he knew not which, but he knew that he there awaited a west wind, and somewhat of the north, and sailed then east along by the land even as he could sail in four days. Then had he to await there a wind right from the north, for the land bent there due south, or the sea in on the land, he knew not which. Then sailed he thence due south along by the land even as he could sail in five days. Then there flowed a great river up into the land. Then they turned up into the river, they dare not sail forth past the river because of hostility, for the land was all inhabited on the other side of the river.

He had not before come upon any inhabited land since he had gone out from his own home. But there had been waste land all the way on the starboard, except fishers and fowlers and hunters, and those were all Fins; and there had been always the open sea on the larboard. The Permians had very well cultivated their land, but the land of the Terfins was all waste except where hunters dwelt, or fishers or fowlers.

THE OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF BEDE'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

How Cædmon became a Poet

In ðeosse abbudissan mynstre wæs sum broðor syndriglice mid godcundre gife gemæred ond geweorðad. Forþon he gewunade gerisenlice leoð wyrcan, þa þe to æfestnisse ond to arfæstnisse belumpen, swa ðætte, swa hwæt swa he of godcundum stafum þurh boceras geleornode, þæt he æfter medmiclum fæce in scopgereorde mid þa mæstan swetnisse ond inbryrdnisse geglængde ond in Englisc-gereorde wel geworht forþbrohte. Ond for his leoþsongum monigra monna mod oft to worulde forhogdnisse ond to geþeodnisse þæs heofonlican lifes onbærnde wæron. Ond eac swelce monige oðre æfter him in Ongelþeode ongunnon æfeste leoð wyrcan : ac nænig hwæðre him þæt gelice don meahte. Forþon he nales from monnum ne þurh mon gelæred wæs, þæt he þone leoðcræft leornade, ac he wæs godcundlice gefultumed ond þurh Godes gife þone songcræft onfeng. Ond he forðon næfre noht leasunge, ne idles leoþes wyrcan meahte, ac efne þa an þa ðe to æfestnesse belumpon, ond his þa æfestan tungan gedeofanade singan.

HOW CÆDMON BECAME A POET

In the monastery of this Abbess there was a certain brother especially famous and marked out by a divine gift, for he was wont to make seemly songs concerning faith and goodness, so that whatsoever he learned from scholars of the divine writings, that, after a little while, he brought forth well-wrought in verse, with the greatest sweetness and liveliness, in the English tongue. And by his songs the minds of many men were often fired to disdain of the world, and to fellowship with the heavenly life. And so also many others after him, among the English people, made devout songs, but yet none could do that like unto him. For he was not taught by men or through a man to know the craft of verse, but he was divinely helped, and through the grace of God, received song-craft. And he therefore could never make any light or idle song, but even that only which had to do with goodness, and which it was seemly for his devout tongue to sing.

Wæs he se mon in weoruldhade geseted oð þa tide þe he wæs gelyfdre ylde, ond næfre nænig leoð geleornade. Ond he forþon oft in gebeorscipe, þonne þær wæs blisse intinga gedemed, þæt heo ealle scalde þurh endebyrdnesse be hearpan singan, þonne he geseah þa hearpan him nealecan, þonne aras he for forscome from þæm symble ond ham eode to his huse. Þa he þæt þa sumre tide dyde, þæt he forlet þæt hus þæs gebeorscipes, ond ut wæs gongende to neata scipene, þara heord him wæs þære neahte beboden. Þa he ða þær in gelimplice tide his leomu on reste gesette ond onslepte, þa stod him sum mon æt þurh swefn ond hine halette ond grette ond hine be his noman nemnde: "Cedmon, sing me hwæthwugu." Þa ondswarede he ond cwæð: "Ne con ic noht singan; ond ic forþon of þeossum gebeorscipe uteode, ond hider gewat, forþon ic naht singan ne cuðe." Eft he cwæð se ðe wið hine sprecende wæs: "Hwæðre þu meaht singan." Þa cwæð he: "Hwæt sceal ic singan?" Cwæð he: "Sing me frumsceaft." Þa he ða þas andsware onfeng, þa ongon he sona singan in herenesse Godes Scyppendes þa fers ond þa word þe he næfre gehyrde, þære endebyrdnesse þis is:

He had lived in the secular order until the time when he was grown in years and had never learned any song. And therefore at the merry-making, where for sake of mirth it was ordered that they all in turn should sing to the harp, when he saw the harp coming near him he arose for shame from the table and went home to his house. When at one time he had done this, he left the house of good-fellowship, and went out to the cattle-shed, of which the care had been given him that night. When he then at due time had there thrown himself upon the bed and slept, there stood by him a certain man in a dream, and hailed him, and greeted him, and called him by his name: "Cædmon, sing me something." Then answered he, and said, "I cannot sing, and for that I went out from this merry-making, and came hither, because I could not sing." Again he who was speaking with him said, "Yet thou couldst sing." Then said he, "What must I sing?" He said, "Sing me the beginning of all things." When he then had received this answer he began at once to sing in praise of God the Maker, verses and words which he had never heard, of which the manner is this:—

Nu sculon herigean heofonrices weard,
meotodes meahte ond his modgeþanc,
weorc wuldorfæder, swa he wundra gehwæs,
ece Drihten, or onstealde,
he ærest sceop eorðan bearnum
heofon to hrofe halig scyppend ;
þa middangeard moncynnes weard,
ece Drihten, æfter teode
firum foldan, frea ælmihtig.

Þa aras he from þæm slæpe, ond eal, þa þe he slæpende song, fæste in gemynde hæfde. Ond þæm wordum sona monig word in þæt ilce gemet Gode wyrðes songes togeþeodde. Þa com he on morgenne to þæm tungerefan, þe his ealdormon wæs : sægde him hwylce gife he onfeng ; ond he hine sona to þære abbudissan gelædde ond hire þa cyðde ond sægde. Þa heht heo gesomnian ealle þa gelæredestan men ond þa leorneras : ond him ondweardum het secgan þæt swefn, ond þæt leoð singan þæt ealra heora dome gecoren wære, hwæt oððe hwonon þæt cumen

Now we ought to praise the Guardian of the heaven-realm,
The might of the Maker, and the thought of His mind,
The Glory-Father's work, how He every wonder,
The everlasting Lord, set in its beginning.
He shaped, first of all, for the sons of earth,
Heaven as a roof ; holy was the Shaper ;
Then the middle-earth, the Guardian of Mankind,
The everlasting Lord, afterwards created
As a floor for men, the Master Almighty.

Then he arose from that sleep, and all that he had sung in sleep he had fast in mind, and to those words straightway added many words of noble song to God in the same measure. Then came he in the morning to the town-reeve, who was his ealdorman, telling him what gift he had received ; and he forthwith led him to the Abbess and spake and made it known to her. Then she bade assemble all the most learned men, and the scholars, and had him tell of the dream in their presence and sing the song, so that by the judgment of them all it should be decided how or whence it had come.

wære. Þa wæs him eallum gesegen, swa swa hit wæs, þæt him wære from Drihtne selfum heofonlic gifu forgifen. Þa rehton heo him ond sægdon sum halig spell ond godcundre lare word : bebudon him þa, gif he meahte, þæt he in swinsunge leoþsonges þæt gehwyrfde. Þa he ða hæfde þa wisan onfongne þa eode he ham to his huse ; ond cwom eft on morgenne,ond þy betstan leoðe geglenged him asong ond ageaf, þæt him beboden wæs. Þa ongan seo abbudisse clyppan ond lufigean þa Godes gife in þæm men ; ond heo hine þa monade ond lærde þæt he woruldhad anforlete ond munuchade onfenge : ond he þæt wel þafode. Ond heo hine in þæt mynster onfeng mid his godum, ond hine geþeodde to gesomnunge þara Godes þeowa ; ond heht hine læran þæt getæl þæs halgan stæres ond spelles. Ond he eal, þa he in gehyrnesse geleornian meahte, mid hine gemyndgade ; ond swa swa clæne neten eodorcende in þæt sweteste leoð gehwerfde. Ond his song ond his leoð wæron swa wynsumu to gehyranne, þætte seolfan þa his lareowas æt his muðe wreoton ond leornodon.

(*Bk. v. Chap. xxiv.*)

Then was it seen by them all, even as it was, that a heavenly gift had been given to him by the Lord himself. Then they set forth and told him a certain holy story and words of divine lore, and bade him then, if he could, turn it into the sweet sound of verse. When he had then received the matter he went home to his house ; and he came again in the morning and sang, and returned to them, wrought in the best of verse, what had been given over to him.

Then the Abbess honoured and loved the gift of God in the man, and she advised and charged him to leave the secular order and take on monkhood, and he fully agreed. And she received him into the monastery with his goods and united him to the congregation of the servants of God ; and bade him be taught the whole course of holy history and narrative. And he kept in his memory all that he could learn by listening, and even as a clean beast chewing the cud, he turned it all into the sweetest verse. And his song and his verse were so winsome to hear that his teachers themselves wrote them down from his mouth and learned them.

OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY BY BOETHIUS (WITH ADDITIONS BY KING ALFRED THE TRANSLATOR)

The First Age of this World

(*Cp. Chaucer's translation of Boethius, p.* 114, *Vol.* II.)

Eala, hu gesælig seo forme eld was þises midangeardes, ða ælcum men þuhte genog on þære eorþan wæstmum. Næron þa welige hamas, ne mistlice swotmettas, ne drincas, ne dior wyrðra hrægla hi ne girndan, forþam hi þa git næran, ne hio nanwuht ne gesawon, ne ne geherdon. Ne gemdon hie nanes fyrenlustes, buton swiðe gemetlice þa gecynd beeodan; ealne weg hi æton æne on dæg, and þæt was to æfennes. Treowa wæstmas hi æton and wyrta, nalles scir win hi ne druncan, ne nanne wætan hi ne cuþon wið hunige mengan; ne seolocenra hrægla mid mistlicum bleowum hi ne gimdon. Ealne weg hi slepon ute on triowa sceadum; hluterra wella wæter hi druncon. Ne geseah nan cepa ealand ne weroð, ne geherde non mon þa get nanne sciphere, ne furþon ymbe nan gefeoht sprecan. Ne seo eorðe þa get besmiten mid ofslægenes monnes blode, ne mon furðum gewundod; ne monn ne geseah þa git yfelwillende men

THE FIRST AGE

Eala! how blessed was the first age of this world when there seemed enough to every man in the fruits of the earth! There were not then wealthy dwellings, nor many dainty meats nor drinks, nor did they care for costly raiment, because these were not yet; nor in any wise had they seen or heard of them. They cared not for any lustfulness, but most meetly followed nature; they always ate once in the day, and that was at evening. Fruits of the trees they ate, and roots, they drank not any bright wine; nor knew they how to mingle water with honey, nor did they care for silken garments of many colours. They always slept out under the shadow of the trees; and they drank clear water of the wells. Nor had any trader seen island or shore, nor had any man then yet heard of a ship-army, nor, indeed, heard speak of a fight. Nor then was the earth as yet stained with blood of the slain, nor furthermore had any man been wounded; no one had yet seen evil-minded men; and none such

nænne weorðscipe næfdon, ne hi non mon ne lufude. Eala þæt ure tida nu ne mihton weorþan swilce. Ac nu manna gitsung is swa byrnende swa þæt fyr on þære helle, seo is on þa munte þe Ætne hatte, on þam ieglande þe Sicilia hatte; se munt bið simle swefle birnende, and ealla þa neahstowa þærymbutan forbærnð, Æala, hwæt se forma gitsere wære, þe ærest þa eorþan ongan delfan æfter golde, and æfter gimmum, and þa frecnan deorwyrðnesse funde þe ær behyd wæs and behelod mid ðære eorþan?

(From *Chapter xv.*)

True Friends

Þa getriewan friend þonne ic secgge sie ðæt deorwyrðeste ðing ealra þissa weoruldgesælða; þa ne sint furðum to woruldgodum to tellanne, ac to godcundum; forþa seo lease wyrd hi na forð ne bringð, ac se God þe hi gecyndelice gesceop to gemagum. Forþamðe ælces oðres þinges on þisse worulde mon wilnað, oððe forþaþe he mæg þurh þæt to anwealde cuman, oððe to sumum woroldluste, butan þæs getreowan freondes; þone mon lufað hwilum for lufum ond for triowum þeah he him nanra oðerra læna ne wene.

had honour, nor did any one think well of them. Eala! that our times now might be such. But now the greed of men is as burning as that fire in the hell which is in the mountain called Etna in the island of Sicily. That mountain is always burning with brimstone, and it burneth up all the places round about. Eala! who was the first greedy one who earliest began to dig the earth after gold, and after gems, and found the perilous treasure which before was hidden and covered with the earth?

TRUE FRIENDS

Now, I say, that true friends are the most precious things of all this worldly happiness; they are not, indeed, to be counted as worldly goods, but as divine. For deceitful Fortune bringeth them not forth, but the God who made them by nature to be our kinsmen. For every other thing in this world a man wanteth either because he can come to power thereby, or to some worldly pleasure,—except a true friend; him a man loveth sometimes for love and for faith-

Þæt gecynd gefægð ond gelimð þa friend togadre mid swiðe untodeledlicre lufe. Ac mid þissum woruldgesælðum ond mid þis andweardan welan mon wyrcð oftor fiond ðonne freond.

(*Chapter xxiv.*)

True High Birth is in the Mind

Hwi ofermodige ge þon ofer oðre men for eowrum gebyrdum buton anweorce, nu ge nanne ne magon metan unæþelne? ac ealle sint emnæþele, gif ge willað þone fruman sceaft geþencan, ond þone scippend ond siððan eoweres ælces acennednesse. Ac þa ryhtæþelo bið on þa mode, næs on þam flæsce, swa swa we ær sædon. Ac ælc mon þe allunga underþeoded bið unþeawum forlæt his sceppend ond his fruman sceaft ond his æðelo, ond þonan wyrð anæþelad oð ðæt he wyrð unæþele. (*Chapter xxx.*)

The True Blessedness

Þa se Wisdom þa ðis spell asæd hæfde, þa ongan he eft singan ond þus cwæð: "Wella, men, wel; ælc þara ðe freo sie fundige to þa goode ond to þa gesælðum ond se ðe nu gehæft sie mid þære unnyttan lufe þisses middaneardes sece him freodom hu he mæge

fulness, though he expect no other gift from him. So Nature joineth and glueth friends together with most undividable love. But by these worldly things, and by this present weal, one maketh oftener foes than friends.

HIGH BIRTH

Why vaunt ye over other men for your birth, without ground, now that ye can find no man not high-born? For all are of like birth if ye will remember the first creation, and the Creator, and, since that, the begetting of each of you. But true high-birth is in the mind, it was never in the flesh, even as we have said before. But every man who is altogether enslaved by his evil ways forsaketh his Creator and his first origin and his high birth, and from thence shall be lowered in degree until he shall become as one low-born.

TRUE BLESSEDNESS

Then said Wisdom, "Well, O men, well! Let every one who is free strive towards goodness and blessedness; and whoso now is bound by the vain love of this earth let him seek freedom that he may

becuman to þa gesælðum, forþam þæt is sio an ræst eallra urra geswinca ; sio an hyð bið simle smyltu æfter eallum þa ystum ond þa yðum urra geswinca. Þæt is seo an friðstow ond sio an frofer erminga æfter þa ermðum ðisses andweardan lifes. Ac þa gyldenan stanas, ond þa seolfrenan ond ælces cynnes gimmas, ond eall þes andwearda wela, ne onlihtað hi nauht þæs modes eagan ne heora scearpnesse nauht gebetað to þære sceawunga þære soðan gesælðe ; ac get swiðor hi ablendað þæs modes eagan þon hi hi ascirpan. Forþam ealle þa ðing þe her liciað on þisum andweardum life sint eorðlice, forþy hi sint fleonde. Ac sio wundorlice beorhtnes þe ealle ðing gebirht ond eallum welt, nyle þæt ða sawla forweorðan, ac wile hi onlihtan.

" Gif þon hwelc mon mæge gesion þa birhtu þæs heofonlican leohtes mid hluttrum eagum his modes, þon wile he cweðan þæt sio beorhtnes þære sunnan sciman sie þesternes to metanne wið ða ecan birhtu Godes.

(*Chapter xxxiv.*)

come to blessedness. For that is the one resting place of all our toil, that is the one haven always calm after all the tempests and the surgings of our toiling. That is the one place of peace and the one comfort of the miserable after all the miseries of this present life. But gold and silver stones, and every kind of gem, and all this present weal, enlighten not at all the eyes of the mind, nor at all whet their sharpness for beholding true happiness ; but they rather blind the eyes of the mind than sharpen them. For all the things which please us here in this present life are earthly and are therefore fleeting. But the wonderful Brightness which enlighteneth all things, and ruleth all things, willeth not that souls should perish, but willeth to enlighten them.

" If then any man can see the brightness of the heavenly light with the clear eyes of his mind, then will he say that the brightness of the shining of the sun is darkness beside the eternal brightness of God."

ALFRED'S WARS WITH THE DANES

(From the *Old English Chronicle.*) 897.

Þa þæs on sumera on ðysum gere to for se here, sum on East Engle, sum on Norðhymbre, ond þa þe feoh lease wæron him þaer scipu begeton, ond suð ofer sæ foron to Sigene.

Næfde se here, Godes þonces, Angelcyn ealles forswiðe gebrocod; Ac hie wæron micle swiþor gebrocede on þæm þrim gearum mid ceapes cwilde ond monna, ealles swiþost mid þæm þæt manige þara selestena cynges þena þe þaer on londe wæron forðferdon on þæm þrim gearum. . . .

Þy ilcan geare drehton þa hergas on East Englum ond on Norðhymbrum West Seaxna lond swiðe be þæm suð stæðe mid stæl hergum, ealra swiþust mid þæm æscum þe hie fela geara ær timbredon. Þa het Ælfred cyng timbran lang scipu ongen ða æscas; þa wæron fulneah tu swa lang swa þa oðru; sume hæfdon lx. ara sume ma. Þa wæron ægðer ge swiftran ge unwealtran, ge eac hieran þonne þa oðru. Næron nawðer ne on Frescisc gescæpene ne on Denisc buton swa him selfum ðuhte þæt hie nytwyrðoste beon meahten.

Þa æt sumum cirre þæs ilcan geares comon þær sex scipu to

ALFRED'S WARS WITH THE DANES

Then afterwards in this year, in the summer, the Danish army broke up, some went into East Anglia, and some to Northumbria, and those who were moneyless got ships and went south over sea to the Seine. The Danish army had not, by the grace of God, utterly broken the Angle race, but they were much more broken in those three years by the deaths of cattle and men, most of all because many of the best of the King's thegns died in those three years. . . .

In that same year the Danish forces in East Anglia and in Northumbria greatly harassed the West Saxon land on the south coast with their preying bands, most of all with the "æscs" (ships) which they had built many years before. Then King Alfred bade long ships be built against the "æscs"; those were very nearly twice as long as the others. Some had sixty oars, some more; they were both swifter and steadier and also higher than the others. They were not made in the Frisian nor in the Danish fashion, but as it seemed to him that they might be most useful.

Then at a certain season in the same year there came six ships to

Wiht, and þær mycel yfel gedydon, ægðer ge on Defenum ge wel hwær be ðæm sæ riman. þa het se cyng faran mid nigonum to þare niwena scipa, and forforon him þone muðan foran on uter mere; þa foron hie mid þrim scipum ut ongen hie, and þreo stodon æt ufeweardum þæm muðan on drygum, wæron þa men uppe on londe of agane, þa gefengon hie þara þreora scipa tu æt ðæm muðan uteweardum, and þa men ofslogon, and þæt an oðwand; on ðæm wæron eac þa men ofslægene buton fifum. þa comon forþy on weg ðe ðara oþerra scipu asæton. þa wurdon eac swiðe uneðelice aseten; þreo asæton on ða healfe þæs deopesðe ða Deniscan scipu aseten wæron, and þa oðru eall on oþre healfe, þæt hira ne mehte nan to oðrum. Ac ða þæt wæter wæs ahebbad fela furlanga from þæm scipum, þa eodan ða Deniscan from þæm þrim scipum to þæm oðrum þrim þe on hira healfe beebbade wæron, and hie þa þær gefuhton. Þær wearð ofslægen Lucumon cynges gerefa, and Wulfheard Friesa, and Æbbe Friesa, and Æðelhere Friesa, and Æðelferð cynges geneat, and ealra monna Fresiscra and Engliscra lxii and þara Deniscena cxx. þa com þæm Deniscum scipum þeh ær flod to, ær þa Cristnan mehten

Wight, and these did much evil both in Devonshire and everywhere along the sea-coast. Then the King bade go to them with nine of the new ships, and get in front of them in the open sea before the mouth. Then came they (*the Danes*) with three ships out against them, and three stood above the mouth on the dry, the men were gone from them up into the land. Then they (*the English*) took two of the ships at the outer mouth and slew the men, and the one (*ship*) escaped. In that also were all the men slain but five. Those got away because the ships of the others (*the English*) were aground. They also were very awkwardly stranded; three were aground on the side of the water where the Danish ships were stranded, and the others all on the other side, so that one could not come to the other. And when the water had ebbed many furlongs from the ships then went the Danes from those three ships to the other three which were be-ebbed on their side, and they fought them there. There was slain Lucumon, the King's reeve, and Wulfheard the Frisian, and Æbbe the Frisian, and Æthelhere the Frisian, and Æthelferth the King's companion, and of all men, Frisian and English, sixty-two, and of the Danes, one hundred and twenty. But the flood-tide came first to the Danish ships, before the Christians could shove theirs out, and

hira utascufan, and hie forðy ut oðreowon ; þa wæron hie to þæm gesargode, þæt hie ne mehton Suð Seaxna lond utan berowan, ac hira þær tu sæ on lond wearp, and þa men mon lædde to Winteceastre to þæm cynge, and he hie ðær ahon het and þa men comon on East Engle þe on þæm anum scipe wæron, swiðe forwundode. Þy ilcan sumera forwearð nolæs þonne xx scipa mid monnum mid ealle be þam suð riman.

Bishop Waerferth of Worcester

9th century.

OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF THE DIALOGUES OF GREGORY THE GREAT

The Story of Florentius and the Bear

In ða ylcan tid eardodon II weras on ðam dælum Nursige þære mægðe in life and in hade haliges drohtoðes, þara wæs oþer gehaten Euticius, oþer wæs genemned Florentius. Ac se ylca Euticius aweox and gestrangode in gastlicum elne and in þam wylme godcundra mægna, and ageornde þæt he manigra manna sawla þurh þa trymnesse godcundre lare gelædde to drihtne. Soðlice Florentius he heold þæt lif in bilwitnesse and in halgum

they therefore rowed away out. Then were they so disabled that they could not row along by the land of the South Saxons, but the sea washed two of them to land, and they took the men to the King at Winchester, and he bade hang them there. And the men who were in the one ship came into East Anglia sorely wounded.

That same summer, no less than twenty ships, with men and all, were lost on the south coast.

THE STORY OF FLORENTIUS

At the same time there dwelt two men in those parts of the province of Nursia, in life and in order of holy estate, of which the one was called Euticius, the other named Florentius. And that same Euticius increased and grew strong in ghostly valour and in the fervour of godly might, and he longed that through the power of the divine teaching he might bring the souls of many men to the Lord. In sooth Florentius also fulfilled his life in innocence and with holy

gebedum. Witodlice þær wæs mynster unfeorr fram heora huse, þæt wæs forlæten and hyrdeleas for heora hlaforde deaðe and forþ fore of þam mynstre, þa woldon þa munecas habban heom to hlaforde þone ylcan Euticium. He wæs sona geþafiende heora bene and hi underfeng and manega gær heold þæt mynster and wel beeode and geteah þara muneca mod in þa geornesse haliges lifes and drohtoðes and let wunian þone arwyrðan wer Florentium in þam gebedhuse þe he ær in eardode, þy læs hit æmtig stode. In þam þa Florentius ana eardode, sume dæge he astrehte hine sylfne in gebed and bæd fram þam ælmihtigan drihtne, þæt he wære gemedemod him forgyfan and sellan hwylcehugu frofre þær to eardianne. And sona swa he þæt gebed gefylde, he eode ut of þam gebedhuse and gemette ænne beran standan beforan þam durum. He ofdune onhylde his heafod to þære eorðan and nawiht eowode his reðnesse on his gebærum, þæt hit openlice wæs ongyten, þæt he þyder com to þegnunge þæs Godes weres. Þæt þa se drihtnes wer sona oncneow, forþon þær to lafe wunedon feower scep oððe V æt his cytan, and þa nyste hi, hwa hi heolde. He þa bebead þam

prayers. And there was a monastery not far from their house which was uncared for and without a shepherd because of the death and the passing of their lord from the monastery. Then the monks wished to have for their lord that same Euticius. He forthwith assented to their prayer and took charge of them, and many years and well looked after the monastery, and drew the mind of the monks into zeal for holy life and conduct, and left the good man Florentius in the house of prayer in which he had dwelt before, lest it should stand idle. While Florentius was dwelling there alone, on a certain day he bowed himself in prayer and besought the Almighty Lord that He would vouchsafe to allow and grant him something comforting to dwell there.

And as soon as he had finished the prayer, he went out from the house and found a bear standing before the door. He bowed down his head to the earth and showed nothing of his fierceness in his behaviour, so that it was openly seen that he had come thither for the service of the good man. The man of God straightway perceived that, for there had been left to dwell by his hut four or five sheep, and he knew not who should keep them. He then commanded that

ylcan beran and cwæð : " Gang and drif þa sceap in heora læse and cum eft to middes dæges ham." Þa witodlice ongan þis un ablinnendlice beon gedon, þæt is þonne seo heordelice gyming, seo ðe to þam beran wæs geþungen. And hyt þa þæt wilde deor swa fæstende fedde and heold þa sceap, þe hit ær gewunode etan. And þonne se drihtnes wer to nones wolde fæstan, þonne bebead he þam beran, þæt he ham hwurfe mid þam sceapum to þære nontide, and þonne he fæstan nolde, þæt he þonne come to middes dæges. And swa ða in eallum þam wisum se bere hyrde þam bebode þæs Godes weres, þæt he no to middes dæges ham com, þonne him wæs beboden, þæt he to nones sceolde, ne he hit no ne ylde æt non, þonne he to middes dæges sceolde ham cuman. And þa þa þis wæs lange swa gedon, þa ongan in þære ylcan stowe se hlisa swa myccles mægenes feor and wide beon gemærsad. Ac forþon þe se ealda feond þonne getihð to wite and to yfle þa forhwyrfdan mæn þurh andan and æfæste, þonne þe he sceawaþ þa godan fremian and weaxan to Godes wuldre, þa ongunnon feower of þam þegnum þæs arwyrðan Euticius swiðlice æfæstigan,

same bear and said, " Go and drive the sheep into their pasture, and come home again at midday." And then this began to be done continuously, that is this care of the flock which had sprung up in the bear. And the wild beast, even though fasting, fed and kept the sheep which before it had been wont to eat. And when the man of God would fast until the ninth hour,[1] then he bade the bear come home with the sheep at that time, and when he wished not to fast to come at midday. And so in all these ways the bear followed the bidding of the man of God, so that he came not home at midday when it was bidden him come at the ninth hour, nor did he tarry till the ninth hour when he had to come home at midday. And when this had been done for a long time, then in that same region the fame of so great a miracle began to be spread far and wide. But because the old enemy therewith draweth on perverted men to misery and evil through envy and malice, when he seeth the good working and growing to the glory of God, then began four of the servants of the good Euticius to be greatly envious because their lord wrought no miracle, and this man who was left alone was far-famed for such a great miracle. And then, lying in wait, they slew that same bear. And when he came not home at the time which was bidden to him Florentius the

[1] 2.30 o'clock.

þæt heora hlaford nænig wunder ne worhte, and þes, se þe ana wæs forlæten, fore swa mycelum wundre wearð widmære. And þa sætiende hi ofslogon þone ylcan beran. And þa þa he ham ne com in ða tid, þa him beboden wæs, se Godes wer Florentius þa wende his hamcymes and his abad oþ æfentid, and þa ongan he beon sarig, forþon þe se bera ham ne com, þone he gewunode for bilwitnesse broðor cigan. He þa sona oðre dæge ferde ut geond þæt land samod secende þone beran and þa sceap, and þa funde he þone beran ofslægene and geornlice ongan acsian and eac hraðe geacsode, fram hwan he ofslagen wæs, and sealde hine sylfne in wop and in cwiðnesse and ma weop þara broðra nið, þonne þæs beran deað. Þone þa se arwyrða wer Euticius to him gelaðode and hine ongan frefrian ; ac se ylca drihtnes wer Florentius beforan þam oþrum mid þære uneþnysse swa myccles sares onæled biddende cwæð : " ic gehyhte on þone ælmihtigan God, þæt hi in þysum life beforan eallra manna eagum heora niðes sume wrace onfon, forþon, þe hy minne beran ofslogon unscyldigne, se þe heom nane dere ne dyde." And sona seo godcunde wracu wæs fylgende his muðes stefne. Witodlice þa IIII munecas, þe þone ylcan beran ofslogon sona wurdon þurhslægene mid þære adle þæs mycclan lices, swa þæt afuliendum lichaman

man of God looked for his coming and awaited him until eventide, and then he began to be sorrowful because the bear came not home, whom he was wont in simplicity to call his brother. Forthwith he went out over the land seeking together the bear and the sheep. And then he found the bear slain and mournfully began to enquire, and moreover quickly learned, by whom he had been slain.

And he gave himself to weeping and lamentation, and wept more for the spitefulness of the brothers than for the death of the bear. Then the good man Euticius sent for him, and began to comfort him ; but the same man of God Florentius, burning with the grief of so great a sorrow said before him, praying, " I trust in the Almighty God that in this life, before the eyes of all men, they shall receive some vengeance for their sin because they have slain my innocent bear who had done them no hurt." And straightway the divine vengeance followed on the voice from his mouth. Verily the four monks who had slain the bear were forthwith stricken with the disease of leprosy, so that they utterly perished through their corrupting

hi mid ealle forwurdon. Þa dæde se Godes wer Florentius swyðlice forhtode and him ondred, forþon þe he þa broðra swa swiðe wyrgde and þa forþon weop þa hwile þe he lifde, forþon þe he swa hraþe gehyred wæs in ðære bene, and sæde, þæt he heora deaðes myrðra wære. We gelyfað, þæt se ælmihtiga God þæt forþon dyde, þylæs se halga wer swa wundorlicre bilwitnesse geþristlæhte ofer þæt ænigne man wyrgan, þeh þe he mid hwylcum sare gegremed and abolgen wære.

Petrus cwæð: "Cwyst þu la, gelyfað we gewislice þæt beon hefige synne and myccle, gif we hwylcum men wyrgað mid yrre onstyrede?" Gregorius cwæð: "To hwan acsast þu me be þyssere synne, hwæðer heo hefige sy? Gemyne hwæt sanctus Paulus cwæð: 'wyrigcwidole men ne magon hi sittan on Godes rice.' Gehyge nu, hu mycel seo syn sy, seo þone man asyndrað fram Godes rice." Petrus cwæð: "ac hu byð þæt gif hit gelimpeþ, þæt se man þæt wyrignesse word ne gecwið to his þam nehstan for hete and niþe, ac hit sceoteð forð þurh his tungan gymeleasnesse?" Gregorius him andswarode: "Gehyr þis, Petrus: nu mid þam þearlwisan deman þæt unnytte word byð getæled, þeah þe hit butan niðe gecweden sy, and swa myccle ma

bodies. Florentius the man of God was much afraid, and was in dread at that deed because he had so greatly cursed those brethren, and he wept for it as long as he lived because he was so quickly heard in that prayer; and he said that he was their murderer. We believe that the Almighty God did that lest the holy man thus in great simplicity should venture again to curse any man, even though he should be vexed and angered by whatever affliction.

Peter said: "Lo! Sayest thou we surely believe it to be a heavy and great sin if, stirred with anger, we curse any man?" Gregory said: "Why askest thou me concerning this sin whether it be heavy? Remember what St. Paul said: 'Cursers may not sit down in the kingdom of God.' Consider now how great is that sin which shall sunder the man from the kingdom of God." Peter said: "But how shall it be if it happeneth that the man speaketh not the word of cursing to his neighbour for hate and malice, but shooteth it forth through his tongue for heedlessness?" Gregory answered him: "Hear this, Peter: Now with the strict judge the idle word is blamed though it be spoken without malice, and so much the more

þæt scyldige word byð gewitnod, gif hit mid feondscipe byð gesprecen ? ac geþenc forþon : nu þæt word byð wites wyrðe, þe butan niðe byð, hu swiþe fordemedlic þæt byþ, þe ne byð butan hete anð niðe gesprecen." Petrus cwæð : " ic hit geþence and wel gelyfe." (From *Bk. iii. Chap. xv.*)

A BLICKLING HOMILY

A.D. 971.

The Vanity of Riches

Men þa leofostan, geþenceaþ þæt ge gelomlice winnað, and a embe þæt sorgiað þæt we ure lichoman gefyllan and gefrætwiað ; þonne gelimþeð þæt eft æfter feawum dagum oþþe feawum gearum, þæt se ilca lichoma byð on byrgenne from wyrmum freten and forglendred. Forþon us is myccle mare nedþearf þæt we winnon ymbe ure saule þearfe, seo biþ ge ondweard on heofnum beforan Gode and his englum

" Ic eow halsige," cwæð Augustinus, " þæt ge gongan to byrgenne weligra manna þonne magon ge geseon sweotole bysene." Hie wæron welige on þyssum middangearde, and heora wlenc wæron swiþe monigfealde on landum and on wingeardum, ana heora hordernu wæron mid monigfealdum wlencum gefylde and heora bliss and heora plegan wæron swiþe genihtsum.

the guilty word shall be punished if it be spoken with enmity. And think therefore : inasmuch as the word which is without malice is worthy of punishment, how greatly damnable that shall be which is not spoken without hatred and malice." Peter said : " I think it and verily believe it."

THE VANITY OF RICHES

Dearly beloved, bethink you that ye are continually toiling and always taking care about that wherewith we fill and bedeck our body. Yet it shall happen that again after a few days or a few years the same body shall be eaten and devoured by worms in the grave. Therefore there is much greater necessity for us to labour about the need of our soul, which shall be present in heaven before God and his angels.

" I implore you," said Augustine, " that ye go to the grave of wealthy men, then may ye see a clear example." They were wealthy on this earth, and their riches were manifold in lands and

Behealdað nu georne eall þæt is from heora eagum gewiten. Hie hæfdon manige glengas deorwyrþra hrægla. Eac swylce hie hæfdon wif and cyfesa, and heora fyrenlustas, and wiste and plegan, and oforgedrync, and dyslice and unrædlice halsunga and mislice blissa hie hæfdon on hiora gedrynce; and heora underngereordu and æfengereordu hie mengdon togædere. Ac hwyder gewiton þa welan, and þa glengas, and þa idlan blissa? Oþþe hwyder gewiton þa mycclan weorod þe him ymb ferdon and stodan? And hwær syndon þa þe hie heredan, and him olyhtword sprecan? and hwær com seo frætwodnes heora husa and seo gesomnung þara deorwyrþra gimma, oþþe þæt unmæte gestreon goldes and seolfres oþþe eal se wela þe him dæghwamlice, gesamnodan ma and ma, and nystan ne ne gemdon hwonne hie þæt eall anforlætan sceoldan? Oþþe hwær com heora snyttro and seo orþonce glaunes, and se þe þa gebregdnan domas demde? and seo wlitignes heora ræsta and setla, oþþe seo manigfealde licetung heora freonda, and seo myccle menigo heora þeowa, and seo scylfring heora leohtfata þe him beforan

in vineyards, and their storehouses were filled with manifold riches, and their bliss and their pleasures were exceeding abundant. Behold now, carefully, all that is gone from their eyes. They had many adornments of costly raiment. They had also wives and concubines, and their wanton joys, and feasting and sport, and drinking beyond measure and foolish and thoughtless divinations[1]; and diverse delights they had in their drinkings, and their morning and their evening feasts they mingled together. But whither are gone the wealth and the adornments, or the idle delights? Or whither are gone the great multitude which came and stood about them? And where are those who praised them, and spake to them flattering words? And where have gone the adornment of their houses, and the heap[2] of costly gems, or the countless treasure of gold and silver or all the wealth which daily they collected more and more, and knew not nor heeded the time when they should leave it all? Or where have gone their wisdom and the skilful cleverness, and he who gave false judgments? And the splendour of their beds and their couches, or the manifold feigning of their friends, and the great multitude of their servants, and the swinging of their lamps

[1] Or, perhaps "greetings" or "embracings." [2] Lit., collection.

burnon, and ealle þa mycclan þreatas þe him mid ferdon and embþrungon ? Ealle þa syndon nu from heora eagum. And ofor þæt næfre efngemyndige hider eft ne cumaþ.

(From *Homily viii : On the Soul's Need.*)

Ælfric

Fl. 1006.

THE QUALITIES OF THE DOVE AND OF FIRE

On twam hiwum wæs se Halge Gast æteowed, on culfran and on fyres, for þam getacnungum ðe ælc cristen man habban sceal, þæt is, þæt he hæbbe bilewitnysse þære culfran and hæbbe soðe sibbe to cristenum mannum, and beo butan biternysse, swa swa seo culfre is buton geallan, and ne begange nan reaflac, ne nanes mannes ne ehte, ðe ma þe seo culfre deð. Beo he eac onbryrd and byrnende on Godes lufe swa swa fyr, þæt he ælc yfel on him sylfum adwæsce, and eac on oðrum, þær ðær he mæg ; and gemetegie þæt fyr ða bilewitnysse, þæt heo to sleac ne sy ; and eft getemprie seo bilewitnys þæt fyr, þæt hit to reðe ne sy.

which have burned before them, and all the great crowds which went with them and thronged about them ? All those are now away from their eyes. And beyond that, be mindful, as well, that they never again shall come hither.

THE QUALITIES OF THE DOVE AND OF FIRE

In two forms did the Holy Ghost appear, in that of a dove and of fire, for the marks that every Christian man ought to have ; that is, that he have the innocence of the dove, and have true kinship towards Christian men, and be without bitterness even as the dove is without gall, and do no robbery, nor persecute any man, any more than the dove doth. Let him be also ardent and burning in God's love even as fire, so that he may quench evil in himself, and also in others where he may ; and let the fire temper the meekness, that it be not too slack ; and again the meekness the fire that it be not too fierce.

Sume men sind geðuhte bilewite, ac hi sind sleace ; hi sind gesewene mid liðnysse, ac heora liðnys is soðlice asolcennys and nytennys ; ac se man ðe næfð Godes gast on him, he nis na Godes. Se ðe facn lufað, and smeað hu he mage him sylfum gestrynan and na Gode, næfð he na culfran ðeawas, ac hæfð þæs blacan hremmes.

Se ðe reaflac lufað, he bið glida, and na culfre. Oðre lytle fugelas sind læssan þone heo sy, and hwæðere hi ofsleað sum ðing, huru ðas fleogan ; ne deð seo culfre na swa, ne leofað heo he nanum deaðe. Mare we mihton sprecan be ðære culfran gecynde, gif hit to langsum nære. Uton habban ægðer ge ðære culfran unscæððignysse and ðæs fyres bryne, þæt we beon æfre scinende on bilewitnysse, and weallende on Godes lare.

(From a *Sermon on the Epiphany.*)

ST. CUTHBERT AND THE RAVENS

Cuthbertus se halga siððan gefremode mihtiglice wundra on ðam mystre wunigende. Begann ða on mode micclum smeagan hu he ðæs folces lof forfleon mihte, þylæs ðe he wurde to hlisful

Some men are thought meek, but they are slack ; they seem to have mildness, but their mildness is truly sluggishness and ignorance ; but the man who hath not God's Spirit in him, he is not God's. He who loveth guile and pondereth how he may get for himself and not for God, hath not the habits of the dove, but of the black raven.

He who loveth robbery, he is a kite and not a dove. Other little birds are less than she is, and yet they kill something, at least the flies ; the dove doth not so, she liveth not by any death. More we could say about the nature of the dove if it were not too longsome. Let us have both the innocence of the dove and the burning of fire, that we may be ever shining in meekness and burning with the love of God.

ST. CUTHBERT AND THE RAVENS

The holy Cuthbert afterwards did mighty wonders while dwelling in the minster. He then began to ponder much in his mind how he might flee from the praise of the people, lest he should become

on worulde, and þæs heofenlican lofes fremde wære. Wolde ða anstandende ancer-lif adreogan, and on digelnysse eallunge drohtnian. Ferde ða to Farne, on flowendre yðe. Þæt igland is eal beworpen mid sealtum brymme, on sæ middan. . . . Se halga þa het him bringan sæd; wolde on ðam westene wæstmes tilian, gif hit swa geuðe se Ælmihtiga God, þæt he mid his foton hine fedan moste. He seow ða hwæte on beswuncenum lande, ac hit to wæstme aspringan ne moste, ne furðon mid gærse growende næs. Þa het he him bringan bere to sæde, and ofer ælcne timan ða eorðan aseow. Hit weox ða mid wynne and wel geripode. Þa woldon hremmas hine bereafian æt his gedeorfum, gif hi dorston. Þa cwæð se halga to ðam heard-nebbum, "Gif se Ælmihtiga eow ðises geuðe, brucað þæra wæstma, and me ne biddað. Gif he ðonne eow ðises ne getiðode, gewitað aweg, wælhreowe fugelas, to eowrum eðele, of ðisum iglande." Hwæt ða hremmas ða ricene flugon, ealle tosomne, ofer ðone sealtan brym, and se halga ða his geswinces breac.

Eft ða siððan oðre twegen swearte hremmas siðlice comon, and his hus tæron mid heardum bile, and to neste bæron, heora

too famous in the world, and should be a stranger to the heavenly praise. He would therefore live alone an anchorite life, and dwell entirely in solitude. So he went to Farne in the flowing wave. That island is all encircled with the salt ocean in the middle of the sea. . . . The holy one then bade bring him seed; he would toil for the earth's fruit, if Almighty God should so grant it that he with his feet might feed himself. He then sowed wheat on the land he had worked, but it could not spring up to fruit, nor even was it growing with grass. Then he bade bring him barley for seed, and in each season then sowed the earth. Then it grew excellently and ripened well. Then would the ravens rob him of his labour, if they durst. Then said the holy one to the hard-nibbed fowl: "If the Almighty have granted you this, enjoy the fruits, and ask not me. If he, however, hath not allowed it you, go away, cruel birds, to your home from this island." Lo! then, the ravens flew off at once, altogether, over the salt sea, and the holy one then enjoyed his labour. Again, then, afterwards other two black ravens came journeying, and tore his thatch with their hard bills,

briddum to hleowðe, þas eac se eadiga mid ealle afligde of ðam eðele mid anum worde: ac an ðæra fugela eft fleogende com ymbe ðry dagas þearle dreorig, fleah to his foton, swiðe biddende þæt he on þam lande lybban moste, symle unscæððig, and his gefera samod. Hwæt ða se halga him þæs geuðe, and hi lustbære þæt land gesohton, and brohton on ðam lareowe lac to medes, swines rysl his scon to gedreoge; and hi ðær siððan unscæððige wunedon.

(From a *Homily on the Deposition of St. Cuthbert.*)

Wulfstan

(Archbishop of York from 1002 to 1023.

ENGLAND AND THE DANES

Ful earhlice laga and scandlice nydgyld þurh Godes yrre us syn gemæne, understande, se ðe cunne; and fela ungelimpa gelimþð þysse þeode oft and gelome. Ne dohte hit nu lange inne ne ute, ac wæs here and hete on gewelhwilcum ende oft and gelome, and Engle nu lange eal sigelease and to swyðe geyrgde þurh Godes yrre, and flotmenn swa strange þurh Godes geþafunge, þæt oft on gefeohte an feseð tyne and hwilum

and bore it to the nest for the shelter of their birds. These, also, the blessed one put to flight entirely from the land with a word. But one of the birds came flying back after three days, very sad; he flew to his feet, praying earnestly that he might live in the land, always harmless, and his mate with him. So, then, the holy one granted him that, and they sought the land gladly, and brought a gift in return to the teacher, swine's fat for rubbing his shoes; and after that they dwelt there harmlessly.

ENGLAND AND THE DANES

Very bad laws and shameful exactions, through God's ire, are common amongst us; let him who can understand it; and many misfortunes happen to this people often and often. Nor has there been now any goodness, for a long time, at home or abroad, but there have been harrying and hatred on every side, exceeding often, and the English have been for long all unvictorious, and too greatly disheartened, through God's ire; and the seamen (Danes) so strong, by God's permission, that often in fighting one putteth ten to flight

læs, hwilum ma, eal for urum synnum . . . and oft þræl þæne þegen þe ær wæs his hlaford cnyt swyðe fæste, and wyrcð him to þræle þurh Godes yrre. Wala ðære yrmðe and wala þære woruldscame ðe nu habbað Engle eal þurh Godes yrre! Oft twegen sæmen oððe þry hwilum drifað þa drafe cristenra manna fram sæ to sæ ut ðurh þas þeode gewylede togædere us eallum to woruldscame, gyf we on eornost ænige cuðan, oððon we woldan ariht understandan. Ac ealne þæne bysmor þe we oft þoliað we gyldað mid weorðscype þam þe us scendað: we him gyldað singallice, and hy us hynað dæghwamlice. Hy hergiað and heawað, bændað and bismriað, ryþað and reafiað, and to scipe lædað; and la, hwæt is ænig oðer on eallum þam gelimpum butan godes yrre ofer þas þeode swytol and gesyne?

(From *An Address to the English.*)

APOLLONIUS OF TYRE

11th century?

Apollonius and the King's Daughter

Þa færinga þar eode in ðæs cyninges iunge dohtor, and cyste hyre fæder and ða ymbsittendan. Þa heo becom to Apollonio, þa gewænde heo ongean to hire fæder and cwæð, "Þu goda

and sometimes less, sometimes more, all for our sins . . . And often a thrall bindeth fast the thane who was his lord, and maketh him a thrall, through God's ire. Wala! for the misery, and Wala! for the world-shame which now the English have, all through God's ire! Again, two seamen or three sometimes drive the band of Christian men from sea to sea out through this people, huddled together to the world-shame of us all, if we in earnest could know any shame, or if we would ever understand aright! But all the shamefulness which we are ever suffering we pay for with honour to those who shame us; we pay them continually and they humiliate us daily. They harry and hew down, bind and put to shame, plunder and rob, and carry off to ship, and lo! what is there else in all these fortunes but the ire of God, clear and plain, upon this people?

APOLLONIUS AND THE KING'S DAUGHTER

Then suddenly there came in the King's young daughter and kissed her father and those sitting round. When she came to Apollonius then she turned towards her father and said: "O thou

cyningc and min se leofosta fæder, hwæt is þes iunga man þe ongean de on swa wurðlicum setle sit mid sarlicum andwlitan, nat ic hwæt he besorgað." Þa cwæð se cyningc, " Leofe dohtor þes iunga man is forliden, and he gecwemde me manna betst on ðam plegan, forðam ic hine gelaðode to ðysum urum gebeor scipe. Nat ic hwæt he is ne hwanon he is, ac gif ðu wille witan hwæt he sy, axsa hine, fordðam þe gedafenað þæt þu wite. Þa eode þæt mæden to Apollonio, and mid forwandigendre spræce cwæð : " Þeah ðu stilli sy and unrot, þeah ic þine æðelborennesse on ðe geseo, nu þonne gif ðe to hefig ne þince, sege me þinne naman and þin gelymp arece me." Þa cwæð Apollonius : "Gif ðu for neode axast æfter minum naman, ic secge þe ic hine forleas on sæ ; gif ðu wilt mine æðelborennesse witan, wite ðu þæt ic hig forlet on Tharsum." Þæt mæden cwæð : " Sege me gewislicor þæt ic hit mæge understandan." Apollonio þa soðlice hyre arehte ealle his gelymp and æt þare spræcan ende him feollon tearas of ðam eagum. . . . Mid þy þe se cyngc þæt geseah, he bewænde hine ða to þare dohtor and cwæð . . . " Leofe dohtor, het feccan þine hearpan and gecig ðe to þinum frynd, and afirsa fram þam iungan his sarnesse."

good king and my dearest father, who is this young man who sitteth over against thee on so honourable a seat with sorrowful countenance ? I know not wherefore he sorroweth." Then said the King, " Dear daughter, this young man is shipwrecked and he has pleased me best of men in the games, therefore I have invited him to this our banquet. I know not who he is, nor whence he is, but if thou wilt know who he is, ask him, for it is fitting that thou know." Then went the maiden to Apollonius, and with hesitating words, said : "Though thou be silent and sad, yet I may see in thee thy nobility, so now if it seem not too heavy to thee tell me thy name and recount to me thy misfortune." Then said Apollonius : " If thou needs must ask after my name, I say to thee that I lost it in the sea ; if thou wilt know my nobility, know thou that it is left in Tarsus." The maiden said : " Tell me more exactly so that I may understand it." Apollonius then truly related to her all his misfortune, and at the end of his speaking tears fell from his eyes. . . . When the king saw that he turned to his daughter and said . . . " Dear daughter, bid fetch thy harp and thy friends, and put far from the youth his sorrow." Then she went out and bade fetch her

Þa eode heo ut and het feccan hire hearpan, and sona swa heo hearpian ongan heo mid winsumum sange gemægnde þare hearpan sweg. Þa ongunnon ealle þa men hi herian on hyre sweg cræft and Apollonius ana swigode. Þa cwæð se cyningc, "Apolloni, nu ðu dest yfele, forþam þe ealle men heriað mine dohtor on hyre sweg-cræfte and þu ana hi swigende tælst." Apollonius cwæð, "Eala ðu goda cyngc, gif ðu me gelifst ic secge þæt ic ongite þæt soðlice þin dohtor gefeol on sweg-cræft ac heo næfð hine na wel geleornod ac hat me nu sillan þa hearpan. Þonne wast þu nu þæt þu git nast." Arcestrates se cyning cwæð, "Apolloni, ic oncnawe soðlice þæt þu eart on eallum þingum wel gelæred." Þa het se cyng sillan Apollonige þa hearpan. Apollonius þa ut eode and hine scridde and sette ænne cyne-helm uppon his heafod and nam þa hearpan on his hand and in eode and swa stod þæt se cyngc and ealle þa ymbsittendan wendon þæt he nære Apollonius ac þæt he wære Apollines ðara hæðenra god. Þa wearð stilnes and swige geworden innon ðare healle and Apollonius his hearpenægl genam and he þa hearpestrengas mid cræfte astirian ongan and þare hearpan sweg mid winsumum sange

harp, and as soon as she began to harp she mingled winsome song with the sound of the harp. Then began all the men to praise her in her music, and Apollonius alone was silent. Then said the king: "Apollonius, now thou dost ill, because all men praise my daughter in her music and thou alone being silent blamest her." Apollonius said, "Behold, O thou good king! If thou wilt permit me I will say what I perceive, that truly thy daughter hath failed in music because she hath not well learned it; but bid them now give me the harp, then shalt thou know what now thou as yet knowest not." Arcestrates the king said: "Apollonius, I observe that thou art in all things well taught." Then the king bade give Apollonius the harp. Apollonius then went out and arrayed himself and set a kingly crown upon his head, and took the harp in his hand, and went in, and so stood that the king and all those sitting round thought that he was not Apollonius but that he was Apollo, God of the heathen. Then was there stillness and silence within the hall, and Apollonius took the harp-nail and began to touch the harp-strings with skill, and mingled the sound of the harp with winsome song, and the

gemægnde and se cyngc silf and ealle þe þar andwearde wæron micelre stæfne cliopodon and hine heredon.

OLD ENGLISH CHRONICLE

The Fight Between Cynewulf and Cyneheard A.D. 755

Ond þa geascode he þone cyning lytle werode on wifcyþþe on Merantune, ond hine þær berad, ond þone bur utan beeode ær hine þa men onfunden þe mid þam kyninge wærun.

Ond þa ongeat se cyning þæt, ond he on þa duru eode, ond þa unheanlice hine werede, oþ he on þone æþeling locude, ond þa ut ræsde on hine, ond hine miclum gewundode ; ond hie ealle on þone cyning wærun feohtende, oþ þæt hie hine ofslægenne hæfdon. Ond þa on þæs wifes gebærum onfundon þæs cyninges þegnas þa unstilnesse, ond þa þider urnon swa hwelc swa þonne gearo wearþ ond radost. Ond hiera se æþeling gehwelcum feoh ond feorh gebead, ond hiera nænig hit geþicgean nolde ; ac hie simle feohtende wæran, oþ hie alle lægon butan anum Bryttiscum gisle, ond se swiþe gewundad wæs.

Þa on morgenne gehierdun þæt þæs cyninges þegnas, þe him

king himself and all those who were present called out with a loud voice and praised him.

FIGHT BETWEEN CYNEWULF AND CYNEHEARD A.D. 755

And then Cyneheard heard that the king (Cynewulf) was with a little band in the company of a woman at Merton ; and he beset him there, and surrounded the dwelling from without, before the men who were with the king found him out.

And when the king knew that he went to the door and defended himself manfully, until he saw the Ætheling (Cyneheard) and then rushed out on him and wounded him sorely ; and they were all fighting against the king until they had slain him. And then the king's thanes, by the cries of the woman, became aware of the tumult, and whosoever was ready and most speedy ran thither. And the Ætheling offered to each of them money and life, and none of them would take it ; but they went on fighting without ceasing until they all lay dead except one British hostage, and he was greatly wounded.

And in the morning the thanes of the king who had been behind

beæftan wærun, þæt se cyning ofslægen wæs. Þa ridon hie þider, ond his aldormon Osric, ond Wiferð his þegn, ond þa menn þe he beæftan him læfde ær, ond þone æþeling on þære byrig metton, þær se cyning ofslægen læg, ond þa gatu him to belocen hæfdon, ond þa þærto eodon. Ond þa gebead he him hiera agenne dom feos ond londes, gif hie him þæs rices uþon; ond him cyþdon þæt hiera mægas him mid wæron, þa þe him from noldon. Ond þa cuædon hie þæt him nænig mæg leofra nære þonne hiera hlaford, ond hie næfre his banan folgian noldon. Ond þa budon hie hiera mægum þæt hie gesunde from eodon; ond hie cuædon þæt tæt ilce hiera geferum geboden wære þe ær mid þam cyninge wærun. Þa cuædon hie þæt hie hie þæs ne onmunden "þon ma þe eowre geferan þe mid þam cyninge ofslægene wærun." Ond hie þa ymb þa gatu feohtende wæron oþ þæt hie þærinne fulgon, ond þone æðling ofslogon, ond þa menu þe him mid wærun, alle butan anum, se wæs þæs aldormonnes godsunu; ond he his feorh generede, ond þeah he was oft gewundad.

him heard that the king was slain. Then they rode thither, and Osric, his alderman, and Wiferth, his thane, and the men which he had before left behind him, and they came npon the Ætheling in the town where the king lay slain and they (*the Ætheling's men*) had locked the gates against them, and they went up thereto. Then he (*the Ætheling*) offered them (*the king's thanes*) money and land on their own conditions, if they would grant him the kingdom; and he told them (*the king's men*) that their kinsmen were with him, and would not leave him. And then they (*the king's men*) said that no kinsmen could be dearer to them than their lord, and they never would follow his slayer. And then they (*the king's men*) offered their kinsmen that they should go forth sound from there; and they (*the Ætheling's men*) said that the same offer had been made to their comrades (*the king's men*) who before had been with the king. Then said they (*the Ætheling's men*) that they minded it (*the offer*) " no more than your comrades who were slain with the king." And they (*the king's men*) were fighting about the gates until they got through, and slew the Ætheling, and the men who were with him, all except one, who was the alderman's godson; and he saved his life, and yet he was often wounded.

Verses on the Accession of King Eadgar

A.D. 958.

On his dagum hit godode georne,
And God him geuðe, þæt he wunode on sibbe,
Þa hwile þe he leofode.
And he dyde, swa him þearf wes, earnode þes georne.
He arerde Godes lof wide.
And Godes lage lufode and folces frið bette
Swiðost þara cyninga, þe ær him gewurde,
be manna gemynde
And Goð him eac fylste, þæt cyningas and eorlas
Georne hin to bugon. . . .
Ane misdæda he dyde þeah to swiðe,
Þæt he ælþeodige unsida lufode,
And hæðene þeawes, innan þysan lande,
gebrohte to fæste.
And utlændisce hider in tihte.
And deoriende leoda bespeon to þysan earde.
Ac God him geunne þæt his gode dæda
Swyðran wearðan, þonne misdæda,
his sawle to gescyldnesse on langsuman syðe.

VERSES ON THE ACCESSION OF KING EADGAR

In his days it went well, and God granted him that he dwelt in peace while he lived. And he did as it behoved him, he laboured well for this. He uplifted God's praise far and wide, and God's law he loved and the folk's peace he bettered most of all the kings which had been before him in the memory of men. And God helped him also, so that kings and earls bowed gladly before him. . . .

One misdeed he did, nevertheless ; he loved ill-ways of other lands, and heathen manners unto this land he brought too fast. And outlandish men he enticed hither, and harmful people he allured to this realm. But God grant him that his good deeds be of more avail than his misdeeds to shield his soul on the (last) long journey.

The Making of Domesday Book 1085.

Æfter þisum hæfde se cyng mycel geþeaht ond swiðe deope spæce wið his witan ymbe þis land hu hit wære gesett, oððe mid hwylcon mannon. Sende þa ofer eall Englaland in to ælcere scire his men, ond lett agan ut hu fela hundred hyda wæron innon þære scire, oððe hwet se cyng him sylf hæfde landes ond orfes innan þam lande. Oððe hwilce gerihtæ he ahte to habbanne to xii monþum of ðære scire. Eac he lett gewritan hu mycel landes his arcebisceopas hæfdon ond his leodbisceopas, and his abbodas, ond his eorlas; ond þeah ic hit lengre telle, hwæt oððe hu mycel ælc mann hæfde þe land sittende wæs innan Englalande on lande oððe on orfe, ond hu mycel feos hit wære wurð. Swa swyðe nearwelice he hit lett utaspyrian, þæt næs an ælpig hide ne an gyrde landes ne furðon, hit is sceame to tellanne; ac hit ne þuhte him nan sceame to donne, an oxe ne an cu ne an swin næs belyfon, þæt næs gesæt on his gewrite, ond ealle þa gewrita wæron gebroht to him syððan.

THE MAKING OF DOMESDAY BOOK

After this the king had a great council and very deep discussion with his Witan about this land, how it was occupied or with what men. Then he sent his men over all England into each shire, and bade them find out how many hundred hides were in the shire, or what the king himself had of land and cattle in the land, or what dues he ought to have, for twelve months, from the shire. Also he bade write down how much land his archbishop had and his suffragan-bishops and his abbots and his earls ; and, though I tell it lengthily, what or how much of land or cattle each man had who was a land holder in England, and how much money it was worth. So very narrowly he bade spy it out that there was not one single hide nor one rood of land nor, in sooth,—it is shame to tell, but it seemed to him no shame to do—was there one ox nor one cow, nor one swine left, that was not set down on the writ ; and all the writings were brought to him afterwards.

THE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR A.D. 1086

GIF hwa gewilnigeð to gewitane hu gedon mann he wæs, oððe hwilcne wurðscipe he hæfde, oððe hu fela lande he wære hlaford. þonne wille we be him awritan swa swa we hine ageaton ðe him onlocodan, ond oðre hwile on his hirede wunedon. Se cyng Willelm þe we embe specað wæs swiðe wis man ond swiðe rice ond wurðfulre and strengere þonne ænig his foregenga wære. He wæs milde þam godum mannum þe God lufedon ond ofer eall gemett stearc þam mannum þe wiðcwædon his willan.

. . . . .

Swilce he wæs eac swyðe stearc man and ræðe swa þæt man ne dorste nan þing ongean his willan don. He hæfde eorlas on his bendum þe dydan ongean his willan. Biscopas he sætte of heora biscoprice ond abbodas of heora abbod rice ond þægnas on cweartern.

. . . . . .

Betwyx oðrum þingum nis na to forgytane þæt Gode frið þe he macode on þisan lande swa þæt an man þe him sylf aht wære mihte faran ofer his rice mid his bosum full goldes ungederad ond nan man ne dorste slean oðerne man næfde he næfre swa mycel yfel gedon wið þone oðerne.

THE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

If any one wisheth to know what manner of man he was in his deeds, or what honour he had, or of how much land he was lord, then will we write down concerning him even as we found him who have looked upon him, and, at another time, have dwelt in his household. The King William whom we speak about, was a very wise man and very powerful, and more worshipful and stronger than any of his forerunners were. He was mild to the good men who loved God, and above all measure stern with the men who gainsaid his will. . . .

Likewise he was a very stern man and cruel, so that one durst do nothing against his will. He had earls in his bondage who had withstood his will. Bishops he sent forth from their bishoprics and abbots from the abbacies, and thanes into prison. . . .

Amongst other things it is not to be forgotten that good peace which he made in this land, so that a man of wealth might go over his realm with his bosom full of gold, unharmed. Nor durst any man slay another, had he never so much evil done against the other.